

THE  
H O L Y  
R O O D E,  
OR CHRISTS  
C R O S S E,  
Containing CHRIST Crucified,  
*described in Speaking Picture.*

By IOHN DAVIES. K

*And who in Passion sweetely sing the same,  
Doe glorifie their wane in Iesus N. A. M. E.*

CruX Ch:isti clauis Cœli.

L O N D O N

Printed for N Butter









To the Right Honourable, well accom-  
plished Lady, ALICE, Countesse of Derby, my  
good Lady and Mistresse: And, to her three right Noble  
Daughters by Birth, Nature, and Education, the La-  
dy Elizabeth, Countesse of Huntington, the Lady Francis  
Egerton, and the Lady Anne, Wife to the truly No-  
ble Lord, Gray, Lord Chaudois that now is; be  
all Comfort when so euer  
C R O S T.



*Hough long, yet (loe) at length What was design'd,  
To you and yours (great Lady) now is come  
To your faire Hands, to mooue your fairer Minde  
To minde His paine that is true pleasures Summe:*

*For, Siren-pleasures, that but Sense allure,  
Must with the pleasures flowing from this paine  
Be clens'd; else those will runne to Helles impure;  
While these to Eden faire reflow againe.  
The Crosse (true Tree of life) doth fairely grow  
In midd'st thereof; of whose fruite if you taste  
The Nectar'd Iuyce will so your Soule o'reflow  
That She will be ioy-drunke with that repast!  
To Flesh and Blood this Tree but Wormewood seemes,  
How ere the same may be of Sugar-chest;  
But \* That which quickens Flesh, the Crosse esteemes  
To be, of Comforts, better then the best!*

The Sou

# THE EPISTLE

*Vpon the Crosse(as on a Touch) we may  
 Trye our Soules value whether great, or small:  
 If there, it (washt with Water-Strong) doth stay,  
 We may be sure it's most Angelicall!  
 But (with a touch) if from this Touch (the Crosse)  
 It fleetes, as if the Crosse did Crosse its kinde,  
 Then, doth it shew that it is full of Drosse,  
 Till in Afflictions flames it be refinde.  
 But you (with Salomon) haue erst suruaid  
 (Nay prou'd) the value of Earthes deereſt Ioyes;  
 Then hardly can your Iudgement be betray'd,  
 & leſſe ſenſe will not ſee their felt annoyes.  
 Now, as you are the Roote from whence doe ſpring  
 True royall Branches, beautifying their Stocke;  
 To this Tree beare them: and faire Branches cling  
 To It, as Iuy to th'immortall Oke:  
 For, yoi all Branches to the royaliſt Tree  
 Doe cleaue by kind, ſith there they kindly thrive:  
 Then, Ladies, of this Tree embracers bee  
 Which, when ye die, will make you more than liue!  
 When ſenſuall pleaſure filled hath a Cuppe  
 Of her ſweete Liquor for you (ſith too blame)  
 Stirre it about before yee drinke it up,  
 With ſome parte of this Tree to purge the ſame.  
 Els, like ſweete Poiſon, it will bane the Soule;  
 But, highly-lowly Ladies, (good, as great)  
 Your great Minds Powers (borne great) can ſoone controule  
 Vaine Pleaſures ſiege, and ſo their Spoiles deſeate:  
 For, Pleaſures moſt ore' come the weakeſt Minds  
 Inſenſ'd with Vertue, lying ope to Vice:  
 Whoſe Iudgements eury flaſh of Pleaſure blinds  
 Borne but to Honours ſhame, and Preiudice.*

*Then,*

## DEDICATORY.

*Then, O firme Quadruple (in Vnitie)  
Of highly borne, (so, kindly noble) Hearts,  
I wish all Pleasures flow from Caluery,  
(Most holy Mount) into your inwardst parts.  
And stil I'le pray (without Times smallest losse)  
The Crosse may blesse you from your Comforts Crosse.*

Your Honors humble Seruant,  
and deuoted Beadsman.

*John Davies.*

### ¶ To the Authour.

**T**Hine Art and Subiect both such Worth containe,  
That thou art best requited in thy paine.

EDVV. HERBRET *Knight.*

### ¶ To M. I O H N D A V I E's, my good friend.

**S**uch men as hold intelligence with Letters,  
And in that nice and Narrow way of Verse,  
As oft they lend, so oft they must be Debtors,  
If with the Muses they will haue commerce:  
Seldome at Stawles me, this way men rehearse,  
To mine Inferiours, nor vnto my Betters:  
He stales his Lines that so doeth them dispeere;  
I am so free, I loue not Golden-fetters:  
And many Lines fore Writers, be but Setters  
To them which Cheate with Papers; which doth pierse,  
Or Credits: when we shew our selues Abettors:  
To those that wrong our knowledge: we rehearse  
Often (my good Iohn; and I loue) thy Letters;  
Which lend me Credit, as I lend my Verse.

Michael Drayton.



## Ad Libri Lectorem.

**W**Rite on, and haue the Palme: continue still  
In sacred stile, to treat of Powres diuine:  
Inuoke no mortall Grace: for, Angels wil  
From Heauen descend, to grace this Tract of Thine,  
Changing each blacke into a golden line.  
Write on: O blessed Subiect! God, and Men,  
In Heauen, and Earth, approves, applaud thy paines:  
Zeale seekes not Art: yet, see no barren Pen  
To common Triffles hath eale'd the reines,  
Nor suckt the borrowed blood from stranger veines.  
Hence, All distrest may to their Soules apply  
True, sauing Comfort: for, the Loue that could  
Enforce a God for wretched Man to die,  
Curst, crost, and scorn'd, tormentred, bought, and sold  
And all for such, to whom such Grace he would,  
Cannot, in Iustice, but extend reliefe  
To such as mourne their sinnes, and rue his griefe.  
Thrice happy then be Thou, stir'd vp to spend  
The Guitts he giues thee, to so blest an end.

*N. Deeble.*

## To all passionate Poets.

**Y**E Poets, that in Passion, melt to Inke,  
Wherewith Melpomen drawes her saddest Lines,  
So melt; that so my thirstie Pen may drinke  
Of you, made Liquid for the saddest Designes:

For, were all Spirits of Poets made intire,  
And I therewith inspir'd; and, had I Pens  
Made of Times saddest Plumes, yet full of Fire,  
All were too cold for Passion for these Threns!

Here is a Ground for Art, and Sorrowes Soules  
(Diuinely holpe) to prooue their Descant on:  
This World of Griefe so whoorles on Passions Poles  
That still it Varies, though it still be One!

Then Braines, if ere yee did your Owner steed,  
My Heart heron, through my Pen, make to bleed!

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.



# THE HOLY RODE OR CHRISTES CROSSE.

## SONET.

**S**Ince all, that All, is altogether vaine,  
Vncertaine, mortall, momentanie, vile,  
Which this Sin-Biac'd Bowle, the Earth, containes,  
My Pen, an Heav'nly Ditty shall compile.  
Vouchsafe, sweet Christ, my Paper, be thy Crosse:  
My Pen, that Naile, that Nail'd thine holy Hand:  
Mine Ynke, thy Blood, wherewith thou didst ingrosse  
Th' acquittance of my Vowes infringed Band:  
The Subiect of my Songe, let be thy Glory;  
The Burden of the same, thy Glories praise;  
The Summe whereof, thy Passions sacred Story,  
Let these be all, and some of all my Laies;  
For, heav'nly Quires, by nature, do reioyce  
When Art, in Graces Quire, reawes Natures Voice.



Hile that blest Body, Sauour of each Soule,  
(Whose Bodies are the Temples of his Spright)  
Hung on the Crosse, by Death, *DEATH* to controule  
The Temples Vaile Stones, Graues, Earth, Skies, and Light,  
*Rent, claue, op't, quakt, and (thundring) waxt obscure,*  
To see *LIFE* dye, and Griefe their God deuoure!

These lifelesse Bodies, wanting Soules, and Sence,  
(With sence of his Soules, Soule-tormenting, smart)  
Condole (prouok't by Pitties violence)  
His paine (though they of paine can feele no part)  
They sencelesse are, yet paines that sence exceed;  
Make their obdurate sencelesse Hearts to bleed.

And wilt thou Man, Gods Image, Angells Lord,  
Emperor of Earth, and all his Brest doth beare,  
Made so (in loue) by him, not him affoorde  
(Seeing Him dye for thy Loue) one silly Teare?

O Aire and Earth why doe ye not conspire  
To burne this Turke, that Water wants, with Fire?

Aswell the Crosse, the Hammer, Nailes, and Speare,  
Did crucifie thy Iesus, as the Iewes:

No, no, thy sinnes his Crucifiers were;  
That by his death, they might their life excuse.

O Synne how sinnefull art Thou, sith thou must  
Excuse thy Crymes, by crimes much more vnjust:

Is not enough the Soule quite to subuert  
Wherein Thou liu'st, but must thou spoile Him too  
Through whome the Soule doth liue, by whom Thou Art;  
And so do That, that doth thy selfe vndoo?

Then, blame not Faith, thy foe to spoile thy Stare  
When thou thy selfe, thy selfe dost dissipate.

Thinke Man (whose Feete are swifter farre then Thought  
To doe what ere is opposite to Good:)

Thinke that thou seest him on his face longe straught  
In Praier, and in Passion sweating Bloud:

Sith from all parts for Thee his bloud out flies,  
Giue Him one Drop of Water from thine Eyes.

A Birde there is (as *Pliny* doth report)  
That in the time of treading sweateth bloud;  
That Birde, *Ciconia* height sweates so in sport,  
But this kinde Pellican in most true moode:

So That, in pleasure, sweats begetting young,  
But This, in Paine with sanguine sweate among:

This kinde, most kinde, Soule-sauing Emperick  
His owne blood broacheth so our Soules to saue;  
And for our Healths He makes his owne Heart sick,  
Yea dyes; that by his Death, wee life might haue:

Then sith this blest by-parted Man-god dies  
For Mans loue, Mans loue should be like likewise.

Think

Thinke now thou seest (O ioy-griefe-breeding sight!  
Ioy for his merit, griefe for his annoy)  
Perditions child with Men, Swords, Staues, and Light,  
The Lord of Light to catch, and so destroy:

Now thinke thou seest that Reprobate by birth,  
(With kisse) betray the Lord of Heau'n and Earth.

Then see, ah see, how They (Limbes of that Lord  
That Lords it in Deaths gloemie Continent)  
His tender hands bind with a boist'rous cord,  
So strait, that straight, with rigour violent,  
It seemes to cut in two those tender hands,  
For, soft flesh yeelds, when such rough force commands:

And canst Thou see, (O Thou thou carelesse Man  
Thou worme, thou insect, slaue to base Contempt!)  
Freedom thus bound for thee? if so thou can,  
And yet liue loosely, th'art from grace exempt:  
O that the God of grace, as Man should die  
For man, whose grace in loosenesse most doth lie!

Now thinke, O thinke, thou seest those hounds of hell,  
(That yelp out blasphemies about their pray)  
With vngraue gate, to runne doe him compell,  
And with tumultuous noyse him lead away:  
Ah see how He that staid the Sunnes swift course,  
Through thicke and thin doth (stailesse) run perforce!

Ierusalem, O faire Ierusalem,  
Figure of Heau'n, built on celestiall soyle!  
Yet wast beheu'nd through blessed Bethelē,  
Shall yet her heau'ns blisse in thee suffer foyle?  
O be thou not ingrate, but dash to dust  
(With thine owne downfall) thine owne folke vniust.

Thinke now thou seest the sonnes of Babylon  
(Infernall furies) furiously present  
Meekenesse it selfe, this harmelesse holy One  
To *Annas*, high Priest, low hels President:  
Where he with armes and hands (meeke lambe) stands bound,  
To heare, what sense of hearing might confound.



Here Truth it selfe with Falshood fowle is charged,  
To which for making mild and iust replies,  
A cursed Fist on his blest face discharged  
A furious buffer that enflam'd his eies :

Ah see thy God how he doth reeling stand,  
With blood-shot eie by force of hellish hand!

O damned hand (fell engine of reproach)  
How dar'st thou strike that awfull sacred face,  
Before whose dread aspect the Heauens crouch,  
Before whose Maiesties most glorious grace  
The Seraphins with reuerend feare doe quake,  
And all th'infernal Legions trembling shake.

What franticke fit, what rage did thee incense,  
What fiend, what desperat furie made thee dare  
To offer him that barb'rous violence,  
That is of God the liuely Character?

Why didst not dread lest his high hand of powre  
Vpon thy pate would suddaine vengeance powre?

Saw'st thou not Iustice sitting in his Front,  
As well as Mercie in his eies to sit?  
Did both at once thy cruell eies afront,  
And yet thy heart and hand not staid by it?

Did Deitie in his face make a stand  
Yet That not make thee (Diuell) hold thy hand?

Then is it cleere thy Hand is none of thine,  
(Much lesse thy Heart that did thy Hand direct)  
But it is Hels, and wrought Hels damn'd designe;  
Or els that Grace, that Face might well protect:  
Nere durst the Diuell tempt him with such force,  
Then though the Fiend be selfe ill, thou art worse.

Canst thou (O tell me, tell me canst thou) Man,  
With th'eie of Thought, behold this drierie sight  
With dried eies? Those eies that whilome ran  
With blood for thee, wilt not one drop require?

Why should the Sunne and Moone (the Heau'ns bright eies)  
Then looke on thee but as thine enemies?



Now thinke, O thinke, thou see'st (O savage fight)  
His foes inhumane hale him thence in haste  
Along the streetes with clamour, rage, and spight,  
To *Casphas* house, where he was so disgrac't

As neuer Man, much lesse a God could be,  
Yet neuer God more good to man than he!

Bound (as before) he stands, (in whom we rest)  
Afront the face of that pernicious Priest;  
Who, with the Scribes and Elders, there are prest  
In their reproachfull slaunders to persist:

Meane while (mecke Soule) though he from guilt be cleare,  
Yet stands he mute, as though he guiltie were.

See the coniuring, proud, remorselesse Priest  
Rend, in fell rage, (too like a furious fiend)  
The pompous vestures of this Pithonist,  
When *Christ* doth (vrg'd) aright his cause defend:  
Whereat the rest, in depth of scorne, and hate,  
His diuine Truth, with taunts doe deprauate.

And to expresse the rancor of their spight,  
They blindfold him, and make his face as t'were  
A Drumme, to call his Foes against him to fight;  
For, still a tab'ring on his face they are:  
So fast their fists doe fall as Drum-sticks, while  
The Drumme doth sound Alarum to the broyle.

But that which doth all credit farre exceed,  
(But that all credit to this Truth is due)  
They in his louely Face (O loathsome deed!)  
Does spitting spall, or rather spalling spue!  
O Heau'ns can ye endure to see your King  
More vilely vs'd than Toad, or vilest thing!

O wonder! farre surmounting wonderments!  
O more than most profound humilitie!  
Doe they (fiends) varnish with fowle excrements,  
That Face whose grace the Heau'ns doth glorifie,  
And he endure it? what should we endure  
When he (most pure) for vs was made f' impure?

*The Holy Romaine*  
Men if they spit doe choose the fowlest place  
VVhere to bestow their cie-offending steame:  
Is no place fowler than his heau'nly face  
To cast that filth that reaketh hellish steame?

O dongue, O dust, O heire of rotnenelle,  
VVilt ere be proud seeing such humblenelle!

God silent is whiles Diu'ls doe spit on him;  
The heau'ns are whilt, whiles hell reuiles their Lord:  
The measure of abuse, vp to the brimme,  
These hellish furies fill in deed and word:

VVhat could Gods hate inflict since hell began  
That was not heaped on this God and Man?

The wound was sore that crau'd a salue so sharpe:  
The disease shamefull that fowle shame must cure:  
Though *Dauid* healed *Saul* with sound of harp,  
Our *Dauids* selfe must swoune ere health procure:  
So many *Sauls* posselt with Sathans store,  
Must make the remedy exceeding sore!

O Pride! the swelling Sore that nought can swage,  
But such extreame deiection of the Highest;

O Sinne! that do'st within the marrow rage,  
Can nothing kill thee but the death of *Christ*?

O depth profound of Heau'ns iust doomes! who may  
Tracke outth' Almighty in his pathlesse way?

He (patient) beares these contumelious wrongs,  
So to supplant the kingdome of our pride;

He, (onely wise, knowing what to all belongs)  
Knew base we were, vnlesse he should abide

Basenelle it selfe, to honour vs thereby,  
And knewe we could not liue, but he must die.

Thinke now how he, that giues eternall rest,  
Did restlesse passe away that hellish night;

VVhere Darkenelle children still did him molest,

VVith whatsoere his soule could most despight:

If any (forc'd by sleepe) began to nod,

Like Diuels they wake themselves by grieuing God.

There

*Of Christs Crosse.*

There sits he blindfold, that doth all things see;  
Bats flying in his face, that light doe loath;  
Each one as irefull as an angric Bee  
Doe sting his blessed Soule and Body both:

O restless hate that rest reiects; wherefore?  
Because the Lord of Rest should rest no more.

Ye heau'ns weepe out your world-enlight'ning eies;  
Showre downe the Sunne and Moone in Teares of blood:  
So (in grosse darkenesse) make a Deluge rise  
Of Gore, to glut these furies with that flood:

For, such a bloody worke of darkenesse done  
(By fiends, or furies) nere saw Moone nor Sunne!

O hell, that do'st all Cruelties surround,  
Blush with bright Flames (that blacke to burne are wont)  
Vntill thy faces flush these fiends confound,  
Sith thee in crneltie they farre surmount:

Light them with flames, coufounding with their light,  
To see the meed of their past hellish spight.

But, O fraile Muse, be not transported so:  
VVith passion past the patience of thy *Christ*;  
VVho praies for those that thus doe worke his woe;  
Then (O) doe not his praier so resist:

But he is God: but meere Man can nere  
Endure such hellish rage to see, or heare!

Kind Nature, Night ordain'd for sweet repose  
To tired lymbes, and wits, through Daies turmoile;  
But they the same quite opposite transpose,  
And in tormenting *Christ*, themselves they toyle:

How can it be but, in eternall Night,  
Iullice, with restless plagues, should them requite.

VVhat difference is betweene those Hymnes diuine  
The Angels chaunt vnto his praise in heau'n,  
And these discordant Notes of harsh Repine  
They are as Fame, and Shame, no lesse vneu'n:

For, *Sanctum, Sanctum*, sing those sacred Quires,  
But, *Crucifige, Crucifige*, theirs.



*In the name of the Lord*  
O sweet celestiall Spirits Angelicall  
Are ye not maz'd with worlds of wonderment  
To see the Subiect of your Praises all  
To such shame subiect, yet therewith content!  
Your Tongues vnable are, though most diuine,  
Such Paine and Patience rightly to define!

What temper is that heart, that is so hard  
That feeling this, from bleeding yet forbeares?  
VVhat substance are those eies, that in regard  
Of this distresse, dissolue not into Teares?  
If Eies seeing this, melt not, and Hearts that feele,  
They are nor Hearts, nor Eies, but Flint, or Steele.

But harke! now Crowes and Curses interchange,  
The Cocke and *Peter* strive to crowe, and curse  
(Who should exceed) but *Peter* (O most strange!)  
Giues Three for Two, and yet he had the worse:  
VVere not infernall Legions and these Fiends  
Ynough to vex thee *Christ*? but must thy Friends?

Wert thou so hardie *Peter* in thy word,  
What time, in peace, thou vowd'st with him to die?  
And wert thou no lesse hardie with thy Sword  
In the first fight? and, from him now wilt flie?  
That Man that ouercomes must weare the Crowne;  
Thou art no Man, a Wo-man put thee down.

Though All forsake Him, thou wilt neuer faile Him:  
These be thy vaunts, and (vaunting) this did'st vow;  
Yet thou, with griefe, do'st with his Foes assaile him,  
• And to a Maid, more than a Maid, do'st show  
Thy woman-weakenesse, weaker than a woman,  
For, better is a woman farre, than no man.

Saw'st thou that Man was God? yea God and Man  
In all his workes? and did He by his pow'r,  
Strengthen thee Weakling, (for, He all things can)  
To march vpon the Seas foot-failing floore?  
Saw'st thou by Reuelation, He was *Christ*?  
And yet, for feare of his Crosse, him deni'st?

Fear'st



Fear'st thou that Crosse, that is the Tree of Life?  
What! loath'st thou Death? and yet do'st feare to liue?  
Do'st strife eschew, that is the end of strife?

Wilt thou not take, because thou wilt not giue?  
Is thy Soule rationall? and yet thy Soule  
Doth Reasons reason brutishly controule?

Did He in loue (O 'twas a matchlesse fauor!)  
Take thee with him (more firme to make thy faith)  
To see God, this God glorifie on Thabor?  
And, heard'st his voyce, whom Heau'n and Earth obai'th,  
Say 'twas his Sonne, more bright than Sunne, thou saw'st  
Yet from God, and his Sonne thy selfe withdraw'st?

Soule-wracking Rocke, (Faiths Rocke of ruine) *Peter*,  
Art thou for *Christ* his Church a fit foundation,  
That in Faith, from Faith, sans Faith art a fleeter?  
Tends thy faiths fleeting to Faiths confirmation?  
If that stand fast, that hath so false a Ground,  
It most miraculous must needs be found!

Did'st thou desire (with glorie rauished)  
To Tabernacle Tabor there to dwell?  
VVould'st thou in Heau'n with *Christ* be glorifi'd?  
And not consociate him in his woes hell?

Art thou austere in life? yet, sensuall, Thou  
Eschew'st the Gall, and wilt but Honie chew?

Gods Councils are his owne, therefore vnknownè;  
All whose Intents no rules of Reason want;  
Els, that to thee, he hath such fauour showne  
VVhat reason ist? But, God is God, I grant,  
By whose Prerogatiue he may doe All,  
And make thee and his firmer by thy fall.

Do'st thou esteeme it such a fowle reproach  
To know that Wisdom whence all Knowledge springs?  
Think'st it no shame to set such shame abroad  
As cracks thy credit, and the King of Kings?  
Was Grace s'inglorious found, that for thy grace,  
Thou gracelessly abiur'dst him to his face?

Could

Could they acknowledge him that were his foes,  
VVhen thou deniedst him that wert his friend?  
By thy deniall they might well suppose  
That he was such as (falsly) they pretend:

Weepe *Peter* weepe, for fowle is thine offence,  
Wash it with Teares springing from Penitence:

T'was time to turne His Soule-conuerting Eies  
To thee peruerterd *Peter*, reas'nesse Man;  
Lest brutish feare, which did thee (Beast) surprize,  
Should make thee (as thy selfe) thy God to ban:

Can Mercies eies behold a fault so fowle,  
With louing looke, and not in anger scowle?

They louing lookt; O constant Lord of Loue!  
What is vile Man, that Man thou valuest so?  
Must his Redemption make thy heart to proue  
(Though he false-hearted be) such hels of woe?

Let Loue it selfe, this Loue alone admire,  
That loues for hate, and dies through Loues desire!

Those glitt'ring Sunnes (his bright transpiercing eies)  
On *Peters* eies, as on two Fountaines, shine;  
By whose attractive vertue Drops arise,  
Then downe distill in showres of Angels wine:

Who with heau'ns hoast therefore, their tongues employ  
To praise their God, in hymnes, starke drunke with ioy!

VVho cannot loue, to thinke on loue so high,  
That loues in Mercie, Iustice Obiects hate?

Yea, loues a Man that doth that loue defie;

VVho cannot die for such loue, liues too late:

Let neuer *Adams* sonnes, through *Eanes* offence,  
To God and Nature vse such violence!

This hellish Night beeing ended, then suppose  
This heai'nly Day-starre led to *Plutos* court:  
(*Pilats* I would say, but respect of woes

He there endur'd, made true, and false report)  
Yet did this Comet cleare make *Pilate* pause,  
Ere doom'd him as contagious by the lawes.

## Of Christs Crosse:

In the diuine sweet features of his face,  
(That might an heart of Steele relent with ruth)  
*Pilate*, no doubt, beheld a world of grace,  
And well perceiu'd his Innocence and Truth:  
Yet must he die, doe *Pilate* what he can,  
And for his Iudge that Monster is the Man.

To doome to death Rights wrongers is but right,  
Although we wrongfully, doe deeme them so;  
That's wronging Right, as Men, that haue no sight  
In that which righteous God alone doth kno:  
But when the Conscience cries the doome is wrong  
The tongue pronounceth, Hell confound that Tongue.

Dismiss by *Pilate*, see thy most iust Iudge  
From this Iudge most vniust, led to a King  
Much more vniust; loe, how Hee's forc'd to trudge  
Through thicke, and thin; harke how their clamors ring  
About his Eares; and, see the people flocke  
To see whereat to wonder, gaze, and mocke.

To *Herod* come, that long had long'd to see him,  
See now (as if some Iuggler he had bin,  
That would shew tricks to all men that would see him)  
How he prouokes Him some trick to begin:  
But, for He silent stands, and thwarts his mind,  
He holds Him but a Foole, and foole vnkind.

O ye great Princes little doe ye know  
What wrong you doe vnto your high estate,  
T'insult through pompous pride, on States below,  
And thinke all Fooles not frolickt with like Fate:  
Ye are no Gods, and therefore know ye not  
Whom ye abuse, and what may be your Lot.

This Foole, wise foole, holds Him, full wise, a foole;  
And on the Mantle must, that fooles doth sit:  
He learn'd his wisdom in grosse Follies schoole,  
But, Wisdom on her Throne in *Christ* doth sit:  
One seem'd, not was; the other was, not seem'd;  
Yet seem'd a God indeed, though Man was deem'd,



## *The Holy Rood,*

Heman was deem'd indeed, that stir'd vp strife,  
And crost the course the wayward world still runnes :  
Life was accus'd, with deadly sinne, in life ;  
God, was a Diuell deem'd, by Sathans tonnes :

A Diuell deem'd, or Man that had a Diuell,  
But such a Man is worse, or full as euill.

But, Wrong (that wrencheth eu'ry right awry,  
And doth her selfe, her selfe oft contradict)

That Supposition now doth flat denie ;  
And for a foole hee's tane, and nam'd, and nickt :

Had he a Diuell bin, or they as wise  
As Diuels be, more smooth had bin their lies.

Here Wisdome, that baptizeth with his Sp'rit  
All godly wise, is baptiz'd for a foole :

Their angers glowing heat, with this despight,  
They thinke, in red-hot raging hate, to coole :

If his loue lik'd the foole, that fooles detest,  
For vs poore fooles, he lik'd that he lou'd least.

O let, yea let weake Humane-wisdome vaile

Her Peacocks plumes, and make swift wing from Fame ;

By this Example let her courage quaille,

And haue no heart to hurt her Honors shame :

If he whom Angels praise, and Heau'ns adore

Endure such shame, let Earth seeke fame no more.

He was accus'd, of what not? so 'twere euill ;

Glutton, Wine-bibber, loath'd Samaritan,

Dam'd sinners coapesmate, one that had a diuell,

Soule-slaying Schismaticke, nor God, nor Man,

But Hatreds Hydra, bred in Stygian Poole,

And to conclude all clos'd all with the Foole.

O had I Art to satisfie Desire,

(That would, with Words, throwe downe Mans pride to hell;

Th it would past Heauen, if it could, aspire ;

And, makes the Bulke with ranke ambition swell)

I would vpon this Ground, set such a Straine

As should surmount the reach of Voyce, or Braine!

Meekensse



*Of Christs Crosse.*

Meekenesse looke on thy selfe, and blush for shame  
To see thy selfe, thy selfe surpalled so :

Humilitie, low, low, stoop thy high fame,

Thou art surmounted farre, farre, God doth kno !

Thou boundlesse flood of Vertues confluence,

Thy bounds in him haue endlesse residence !

Looke Glorie on thy Lord, thy God behold,

Imbested with Contempts derided coat ;

Yet see what constant Grace his face doth hold !

O earth, traile earth, thy Props strong patience note ;

And neuer lift thy selfe, thy selfe aboue

(To loue thy selfe) vnlesse this Lord to loue !

See, see, how he, in midst of all Extreames,

(The proper Place where Vertue is confin'd)

Though mad Misrule his name, with shame, blasphemes,

Yet his rare patience passeth humane kind :

Which well bewraies this Man is more than man

That loues for hate, and bl. st, when Spight did ban !

How mute was he among so many lies,

Lowd lies (God wor) braid out by his Accusers ?

How still (meeke Lambe) among so many cries

Offowle mouth'd hounds, his hunters, and abusers ?

In few, he shew'd so many Guifts of Grace,

That men might cleerely see God in his face !

God in his face ! for, mong the sonnes of men

Was not a fairer, or Forme more diuine :

The Paragon of Beautie was he then,

Which, in his sacred shape, did brightly shine :

For Beautie was constraind her selfe t' excell,

When shee him made faire without Parralell.

Yet could not so great grace, (Grace, great as God)

Infus'd in all his parts, protect this Man

From the most roguish Whip, and flauish Rod ;

But, he must brooke them both. doe what he can :

And yet he did what none but God could doe ;

Which he, they sed, did like a diuell too !

## *The Holy Rood,*

But, what will not Spight say, to worke her spight,  
Against what Good soere, that rhwarts her will?  
Shee'l call the brightest Day, the darkest Night;  
And God, a Diuell; Good, the cause of Ill:

For, if her Conscience once be cauteriz'd,  
Shee is a very Fiend, and worse aduiz'd!

For, Rage is mad and cares not what shee doth;  
And Spight, enraged, cares lesse what shee saies:  
Then what's to be expected from them both?  
But Words and Deeds that God, and Man dispraise:  
Though God raignes ouer All, by Natures right,  
Yet is He subiect to Mans hate and spight!

The Heauens Sou'raigne, is thus subiect made  
To Hells damn'd vassals vilest villanie;  
Yet Faith, and Reason, discreet Soules persuade,  
That Hell is subiect to Heau'ns Deitie:

Then by this short account, which yet is right,  
Hell is not halfe so bad as Hate, and Spight.

Yet, though they be farre worse than what is worst,  
They (onely) fill the Iewes hard, hollow hearts:  
From whose abundance their tongues (most accurst)  
Doe speake; and so are mou'd their other parts:  
If Hate, and Spight, be curst Hearts onely mouers,  
They must be Murders spightfull-hatefull louers.

These spights thus past, ensues Spight, past despight;  
For, to the Piller bound. Hee's post alone:  
Without one friend t'entreat, or wrongs to right;  
Compass with Hearts? nay Stones, more hard than stone:  
For, on his virgin skin (most delicate!)  
Flesh-tawing Whips engrosse the deeds of Hate!

And yet this was but *Pilats* fauour to him,  
A fauour with a witnesse, witnesse Wounds!  
Nay rather Wound; for, they, quite to vndoe him,  
With wounding Stripes, each Wound, in one confounds:  
For, from his Heeles to Head He doth appeare  
Not as a Man, but gashly Wound he were!

## Or Christs Crosse.

O Heav'ns! wrap ye the Earth with endlesse Wonder!  
Gaze Angels with immortall admiration!  
Great Thunderer! why do'tt forbear to Thunder?  
And dash to dust this brasle-neckt Generation?

It well appeares th'art from all Passions free,  
That art not passion'd passions such to see!

O! can the Heart of Flesh be steeled so,  
Or Steele it selfe, so Adamantine made,  
As butt'vphold the Eie to see this woe,  
And Heaviness the Heart not overlade?

Then may I boldly say, if so It can,  
There's nothing harder than the Heart of Man!

O! that there were some new words lawfully coyn'd  
Much more significant than currant't words;  
Or that all wofull words in one were ioyn'd;  
And by that onemore made, as Art affords,  
I would (though all, and more, too little were)  
Make this his Plight, in colours right, appeare.

Can any Thing, that hath but feeling sense  
Be so obdurate (though It feele it not  
No otherwise than by Intelligence)  
As not to melt away, in Passion hot,  
To see these Passions? Passions call I them?  
Yea so; but, yet much more than most extreame!

Romes World commanding Nation (though prophane)  
Did priviledge their People from the Rod:  
Are ye (Iewes) for an holy Nation tane?  
Yet whip vnholily Heav'ns holy God?  
Whip him that with an yron Rod doth bray  
All flesh to dust, that dare his Word gainsay!

This sight doth c'oud, with care, the Heav'ns bright Eies,  
To see such glorie dim'd with such disgrace:  
Good-nature hardly can it selfe suffize  
With Teares, to mollifie this most hard Case:  
For, thus it stands, *Christ* (God and Man) abides  
That Man, to heale himselfe, should wound His sides!



## The Holy Roode,

The plague for Slaues, on him these Slaues inflict  
The Whip's for Slaues, or Rogues that be vnuly:  
Yet Tyrrany, that good Lawes interdicts,  
On Innocence and Truth doth lay it truly:  
Truely their Falshood, and their Tyrrany,  
Is true *Idea* of all villanie!

If stones did, welling, streame forth Water store,  
What time meeke *Moses* rod had strooke the Rocke;  
Then, if we see our Rocke of refuge gore  
Rent out by whips, and not our Founts vnlocke  
To let out water-drops, It to condole,  
T'were pittie Mercies drops should purge our Soule.

O depth past sounding! Way past finding out!  
Didst thou in knowledge infinit foresee  
That Man should fall, (made mutable no doubt  
By thine owne hand) thus to be raiz'd by Thee?  
From all Beginnings pleasure tookst in paine,  
To make the Slaue for whom thy selfe was flaine?

Here Flesh lay finger on thy mouth that rumbles;  
Dispute not Wisdoms will, nor Mercies pow'r;  
Suffizeth thee that Grace her glory humbles  
To lift, base thee, to top of Glories tow'r:  
Doe thou admire in silence, This, so geason,  
Because the Cause thereof surmounts thy Reason!

For, this is such a gulph of mysterie,  
That Angels, Saints, nor God, as man can sound!  
It's darker farre than hell to Reas'ns bright eie;  
Wherein no rest nor bottom can be found:  
The Sunnes eclipse the eies of flesh annoyes;  
But, Reasons eies Gods sonnes eclipse, destroys!

God did from all eternitie foresee  
What man would doe; and, what was *Christ* his lot:  
Then might haue chosen to haue made man *Be*;  
And so haue spar'd *Christ*s paines, that spar'd him not:  
But, that He (knowing all) gaue way to It,  
Confounds, in endlesse maze, all humane Wit!

*Or Christs Crosse.*

Iustice, and Mercie, as it seemes to sense,  
Were most impatient of their quiet rest;  
(Sith Vertues worke, to show their excellence)  
Which made deepe Mercie, Iustice high, digest!

For, other reason, Reason cannot giue,  
To make Faith such a mysterie beleue.

Had Men and Angels in their Iustice stood,  
Then, diuine Iustice vniplaid had bin;  
And, Mercies pow'r had nere bin vnderstood,  
Had it not bin for, most rebellious, Sinne:

Then, did mans fall make resting-Mercie rise,  
To strue with Iustice for Gods glories prize!

Nor, wast alone for his owne glorie meere  
That he did man create, or re-create;  
But for mans good; that so he might appeare  
(That Nothing was before) in blessed state!

For, with that Glory He could pleas'd haue bin  
Which ere Worlds were, he had himselfe within!

Yet seeing Nothing, nothing can deserue;  
And man, of nothing, beeing Some-thing made,  
Yea, such a Some-thing, as all things doe serue,  
That God is good to man, it doth persuaide:

Then to the glorie of his goodnesse, Hee  
Made himselfe man, for man, and man to Bee!

And, is Gods glorie so high priz'd a thing,  
That for It He his owne heart-blood will spend:  
And from the height of heau'n himselfe to fling  
To hell, to make his Glorie so ascend!

Then, mad are men, who for his glorie Were,  
To set at naught a Thing that is so deare!

Then, what are These (what shall I call them) Iewes?  
(The nam's too good, though now it's worse than ill)  
What, what are they that so great grace refuse,  
And in disgracing It continue still?

Hell, name thine owne; for, too poore is the diuell  
To yeeld, or name a Name so rich in euill!

God

*The Holy Rood,*

God damn'd the Diuell, for one sinfull Thought,  
And, put him quite past hope the help of grace :  
But, He the Iewes hath from damnation bought ;  
Yet still they seeke that Goodnesse to disgrace!

Then, cleere it is, the Iewes, so sold to Euill,  
Are farre worse, than what's farre worse, than the Diuell!

Now, thinke thou see'st this Soule of sacred Zeale,  
This kindling Cole of flaming Charitie,  
Dispos'd all in post ; not for his weale,  
But, for his further future miserie.

Here see the true Character of Distresse  
For pittie show'n to people pittilesse!

O God! what Man, this miserable Man,  
Would not haue pittied? and with woe haue pin'd?  
No Eyes can weep, except for this they can;  
Griefe comming not for This, comes out of Kind :  
Then what kind are those Men that ioy at This?  
No name can name them, they are so amisse!

*Christs* darling Gospeller mu'd that the Iewes  
Ador'd not *Christ*, as *Iesus*, for his deeds :  
More mai'st thou wonder (*Saint*) that I refuse  
To doe His will, for whole amisse He bleeds :  
Wonders, haue lesse force to confirme beleefe,  
Than to confirme true Loue hath his true griefe.

What violence (surmounting violence)  
Vail'd his high Maiestie to state so vile?  
Was it not Love in highest excellence,  
Man vnto God, by Both, to reconcile?  
For, God, and Man, did God, and Man accord,  
Through Loue, that nere agree'd but with this Lord!

O Man! canst thou, canst thou O vnkind Man,  
A moment breath, and not breath out his praise?  
What! is thy mortall life but on short Span?  
And wilt not loue his long loue, thy short Daies?  
T'were pittie then a Gods heart-blood should be  
Like worthlesse water spild for louing Thee!

But



## Or Christs Crosse.

But looke! (O Heart-diuiding dreyrie sight!)

See, see thy *Iesus* (O flint-hearted lewes!)

King'd with a Crowne of Thornes (O spightfull spight!)

Of piercing Thornes, that doe transpierce his Browes!

See how they mall it on, in ruthlesse rage,

That Thornes doe seeme his Braine-pan (bruiz'd) to gage!

Daughters of Sion, see King *Salomon*,

Crown'd, by his Mother on his Mariage day!

Ye Sonnes of Salem, see Gods glorious Sonne,

Enrob'd with Wounds, and Blood, all goarie-gay!

All gentle *Iosephs* weepe, none can doe lesse,

To see your Brother brought to such distresse,

Is that Head crown'd with Thornes, vpon whose Crowne

Depends the highest Heau'ns resplendant Roofe

By whose \*reuulsion It would soone fall downe,

Yet did a weake Post hold this Prop of Prooffe?

Who brought this strong *Alcid*s downe so lo?

T'was I his *Deianire* that seru'd him so.

Yet, Heau'nly *Hercules*, though plagu'd thou be,

Thy Hydra-labours will thee Deifie;

We, Pagan-Ofsprings, aye will honour Thee,

Not as a *Semi*, but sole God; and cry

Holy Holy, Holy *Iesus Christ*,

Lord God of Saboth, our true *Eucharist*!

O thou all-powreful-kind *Omnipotent*,

What holds thy hands that should defend thy head?

Is Sinne so strong, or so *Omnisualent*,

That by Her pow'r, thy pow'r is vanquished?

Why, Sinne is Nothing; O! then Nothing ist

That binds thy Hands, that nothing can resist?

Thy Head all heau'nly wisdome doth containe,

(That's onely wise) and stands it with the same

To weare a Crowne that yeelds both Shame, and Paine,

And so seeme proud of Dolor, and Defame?

Art glories God, and Pleasures Soueraigne,

Yet lett'st their Contraries ore thee to raigne?

\* Were it  
possible.

## *The Holy Roode,*

Could not thy Head, that compasse can, what not?  
Compass Mans deere Redemption with lesse losse:  
Thy wisdome neuer can be ouershot;

Then, shot the same at such a Crowne and Crosse?

O strange ambition of Humilitie,

To couet Hell, to giue Hell, Heau'n thereby!

For, what's the World, but Hell? yea, Hell at best!

Yet, for the World, He brookes these Hels of woes;

That so the World of Heau'n might be possest;

For, with his Saints, through Hell, He thither goes:

First He is Crown'd, then Crost, both with annoy;

But they are \* Crost, then Crown'd; and both with ioy!

But, O my Soule! to stirre, in thee deuotion,

Vpon this ground of Griefe thine Eie still fixe:

See here the King of Heau'ns Earthly promotion,

Crown'd with sharp Thornes, and made a Crucifixe;

Which (bruizing) broach His Browes; lo, for our sakes,

His Head is bruized, that should bruize the Snakes!

To King Him right, Hee's Scepter'd with a Reed;

As if his Kingdome were but like a Kex:

Then crouch they with, *Haile King*: Then straight *Areed*,

*Who smote thee Iesus*? Thus his Soule they vex:

O Bat-blind Fooles doe ye infatuate

That Wisdome that makes Wisdome gouerne Fate

To pittie wretched Wights, orewhelm'd with dole,

An humane dutie t'is, which Men should doe:

But, to deride a poore distressed Soule,

A sauage part it is, and damned too:

Yet, such is their damn'd inhumanitie,

That they make merry with his miserie!

O Thou that do'st the Heads condecorate

Of Kings Terrestriall, with Emperiall Crownes;

Why lett'st weake Wormes thy Head dedecorate

With worthlesse Briars, and flesh-transpiercing Thornes?

It's to acquite the Pennance of our Pride

By this Poll-deed, with Blood exemplifi'd!

## Or Christs Crosse.

The Speare the Pen, his pretious Blood the Inke,  
Wherewith he, *Iesus*, to this Deed subscrib'd;  
And *Consummatum est*, the Seale did sinke  
To our *Quietus est*, that were proscrib'd:  
Then, by that *Iesus* sign'd so with his Hand,  
Seal'd with his Gore, we cleare discharged stand.

Ah might it please thy dread Exuperance,  
To write th'excript thereof in humble Hearts  
And giue them vs: Then, by Recgonizance,  
Wee'l aye be bound to praise Thee, for our parts:  
And if our indeuotion breake our Band,  
Our little All shall rest at Thy command.

Our little All; for, all we haue's but little;  
Nay, lesse than nothing; all we haue is Thine:  
Wilt haue those Soules which thou in vs didst settle?  
Retake them as thine owne; for, th'are diuine.  
Wilt haue our Bodies which thou didst create?  
Then take them to thee thou true Panaret.

Such forfeiture, were too too fortunate  
For such vnhappy Bodies, lucklesse Soules:  
Then, would we euer our Bonds violate,  
Sith Freedome so their forfeiture enroules  
In Booke of Life, in Heau'n's Exchequer rich,  
Where we, as free, as freely would keep touch.

And thou my Soule should'st be the Antitype  
Of what thou art, sith thou art Slaue to Sinne:  
True Patterne of true Vertues Archetype  
Then should'st thou be; and being, rest therein!  
Yet resting so, that, thou should'st euer moue  
To Him, that hath so decreely bought thy loue!

That though Confusion shall dispuluerate  
All that this Round, Orbiculer, doth beare,  
Yet, He that so doth supererogate,  
Shall aye, in order, my Thanks Organs heare:  
The Orbs of Heau'n shall stop, and Time shall stay;  
But, they shall sound his Praise an endlesse day!



## The Holy Roode,

Faine would I fix my Thoughts, with these sharp Thornes,  
To these fore wounds, that these sharp Thornes doe tent;  
Such Sight a squemish stomacke ouerturnes,  
But comforts mine, with Matter subiacent:

My Thorny sinnes, each Thorne deep Sepulture,  
Doth, in Charybdises of Blood, deuoure!

For, looke how Pikes in Battailles-front are pight,  
To bide the shocke of Foes, crost eu'ry way:  
So through his Browes these Thornes are crossed quight,  
To bide the shocke, of sinnes, which him affray:  
These Thornes, through pierc'd (besides that is within)  
Haue length enough to pierce the Head of Sinne.

But now my Soule make thou a swift regresse,  
(Yet Rose-sweet is the ingresse to these Briars)  
From whence, through sense thereof, thou didst digresse,  
And view, with wonder, what the Heau'n admires:  
For, God that is most ieaious of his honour,  
For Men, most vile, endures most base dishonour!

Iustice, vniustly, for Iniustice deemed;  
And scourged, crowned, wounded, prest to die:  
A Worme, no Man, this God-man, for Man, seemed;  
For, formelesse is diuine Formositie!  
Drie Root, parcht Plant, burnt Lease, and wither'd Flow'r,  
Yet fruit It hath, that hath reuiuing pow'r!

As when bright *Phebus* (Landlord of the Light)  
And his Fee-farmer *Luna*, most are parted,  
He sets no sooner, but shee comes in sight:  
So, when our sinnes from God had vs auerted,  
The Lord of Life no sooner set in Death,  
But gaue vs (Lunaricks) Lifes light beneath.

He that the Earth within His Palme includes,  
And Heau'n's Embrace-all measures with His Span,  
A Rough-cast of thicke Gore his Body shrouds;  
Then, Blood exhausted, Flesh is weake, and wan,  
For, as Thornes did his Head, conuulnerate:  
So, Rods all round did Him excoriate!

## Or Christs Crosse.

It's pleasant to recount our Woe in Weale;  
These Stripes had I deseru'd, which He endures:  
These deepe Incisions, my Prides Swellings heale  
Then must I ioy in counting what It cures:

„ To tell the Ierkes with ioy, that ioy do bring,  
„ Is both a wealefull, and a wofull thing.

These most *Herodian*-cruelties effected;  
His People-pleasing Dooms-man Him presents  
To Furies fell, (with Hellish rage affected)  
That ioy in His past Hellish Languishments:  
Yet for He hop'd to point at Pity than  
In Sorrowes Map; He saith, *Behold the Man!*

Behold the Man, and not the God behold?  
Yes *Bifax*, God and Man behold in Him:  
His Person both those Natures doth infold;  
But, Man thou see'st, but God thine Eies doth dimme:  
Thine Eie is Mortall, and no mortall Eie  
Can brooke the splendor of Heav'n's Maiestie!

Yet had thine Eies bin equall (though obscure)  
Thou might'st haue cleerely seene this spotlesse Man  
A God in Word, in Deed, in Life, in Pow'r:  
But hee's most blind that will not see, and can.  
The Earth did interpose it selfe betweene  
Thee, and Gods sonne, else God thou might'st haue seene.

But what prouok'd thee, *Pilate*, so to rue,  
His case, in case no more but Man He were?  
Thou heard'st (no doubt) his Words and Works were true  
Wonders, and Miracles; which made thee feare;  
And, fearing, rue his Case: but Feare, nor Ruth,  
Can make thee (False-heart) to acquit this Truth.

The more is thy Soules torment, by how much  
The more thy soule did eie his Truth, and Pow'r;  
If his Disgrace, and griefs did make thee gruch,  
Thy gruching soule, thy greater Griefe procures:  
If thou, vnlike thy selfe, thy selfe do'st thwart,  
Thy dole dies not, when thine owne Crosse thou art.

## The Holy Roode,

Can that cleare Element, that quencheth fire  
(Although it cleare thy Hands) thy Conscience cleere?  
Or quench a Soules iust (with sinne raged) ire?  
No, Hypocrite, to wash th'art nere the nere:

But drops of grace, and Teares, well mixt with mone,  
May pierce, with falling, the chiefe Corner Stone.

Nor can a Princes Lawes, if most vnright,  
Excuse the Iudge, that iudgeth by those Lawes:  
Nor Ignorance shall Guiltinesse acquite;  
The Iudge must iudge his owne, and Prince his Cause:  
For, if his Lawes would haue him iudge amisse,  
He breakes Gods law, to keep those Lawes in this.

Then Iudges (though therefore ye be misjudg'd)  
If Man, without God, make *Herodian* lawes,  
Iudge not by them, though ye by them be iudg'd;  
Sith Meanes to ill Effects, are like their Cause:  
It's better die (for loue of Equitie)  
Than that, by vs, an Innocent should die.

But, ah (alas!) alas it is too true,  
Too many Iudges of this Iron Age,  
(With brazen faces) will crosse *Christ* anew,  
For Princes loue, Rewards, and Patronage:  
These, these are they, that make the World so ill;  
Who make the Lawes speake as their Sou'raignes will.

How many Lands grone vnderneath this Load:  
Those Patrons of Oppression so abound;  
Who make an Hell, where-ere they make abroad;  
And for Coyne, crost; the Crosse of *Christ* confound:  
For, hauing got the Law into their Hands,  
Make Law, for meede, crosse *Christ*, and Lawes commands.

All Ages had a grudge of this Disease;  
But, this Age lies quite speechlesse of the same:  
For, Iudgement oft is mute (for want offees)  
And fingers Things, in signe of death, with shame:  
*Christ*s Crosse him speed, that thinkes to speed in Suits  
That hath but onely Liquids for these Mutes.



## Or Christs Crosse.

Many a wofull Mothers sighing Childe  
Goes to the Gybbet by their Iudge misdoom'd,  
Because they had not Iudgements hands defil'd  
With that wherein thee seekes to be intoom'd!

O crime of crimes! when Men must lose their breath  
Not for their faults, but theirs that doome them death.

And many a Fathers, true begotten, Sonne,  
Inuokes the Heau'ns, for iudgement on their Iudge;  
By whom, both They, and Theirs, haue bin vndone,  
Either for want of giuing, or some grudge:

Who, through their Iudges fault, are lands bereft,  
And oft by him hang'd afterwards for These.

Then can no death, nor torment be too sore  
For Iudges, iudging for loue, feare, or meed;  
Whose Skinnnes were nail'd to Iudgement-seats of yore,  
That Iudges Eies, thereon, might daicly feed:

For, though the Prince be good, if bad they be,  
His Realme is rul'd, as nought were worse than Hee!

**N**OW, Soule returne, with thy sole Soules returne,  
It will not be, they will not pittie him;  
Againe He goes, no torment serues their turne,  
But Death, with torment, must part Life, from Lymme:

Now, *Barrabas* is free'd, *Christ* iudg'd to die;  
One spils, the other sheds blood, diuersly!

That Man-destroyer is from Death preserv'd;  
This Man-preseruer, Death must straight destroy:  
Right's made away, and Wrong is still reserv'd;  
In nought but in *Christ* crucifi'd they ioy:

So, doe good Christians too, but here's the ods,  
They are the Diu's Demesne, but Christians, Gods.

The ruthlesse *Crucifige* now they crie,  
Like hungrie Hounds that close pursue the Pray;  
Whose blood to sucke, their pliant Iudge they plie  
With ceaselesse clamours, Him to make away:

And thus (to vrge him to't) they crie at once,  
*His blood be on vs and our little ones.*

These

## The Holy Rode,

These Cries, for blamelesse Blood, diuerberate  
The high resounding Heav'ns conuexitie:  
That bloods lowd Cries theskies doe penetrate  
With shrill *Vindicta's* irresistably:

"If Men haue blood for blood, by Iustice course,  
"Gods blood in Equitie hath much more force.

Mans blood is spilt, for spilling blood of Man;  
Because Mans spirit alone, resembleth Gods;  
But God's the thing it selfe, by Iustice than  
Betweene both bloods is ods, surmounting ods!

The Ransome of the World is rich, (Christ knoes)  
Who spils it then deserues a world of woes.

The damned Doomes-man hath him iudg'd to death,  
(The Diu'll that Diu'll elinguate for his doome)  
O wau'ring Weather-cocke! what wayward breath  
Turn'd thee about, from thy first holy doome?

Doth thy damnd double Tongue iudge him to die,  
Whom selfe same Tongue, before, did iustifie?

Past is thy Iudgement on this Iudge of All;  
His iudgement on thee is, as yet, to come:

Thy doome, in thy owne Thoughts was partiall;  
But He, on thee, shall giue a righteous doome:

*Pilate* farewell; till then, *Christ* bids th' adue,

When fiends shall plague thee, as fiends plague him now!

**N**OW, Eie of Sp'rice, behold this Spectacle;  
*Christ's* Crosse him speed, Crosse on his Backe He beares;  
That Tree, (that Soule-refreshing Vmbrace,  
Together with our Sinne) His shoulders teares:

„When Crosse, and Sinne and Gods most heauie hate  
„Depend on Flesh, they Flesh doe lacerate!

Ah! see how th' All-supporting shoulders bow  
Vnder this Burden most importable!

And, how his Legs do double, as they goe;

As forc'd to beare much more than they are able:

(Disabled through our frailtie) lo, how He

Yeelds to th' oppression of this yeelding Tree!

## Or Christs Crosse.

Hee,all whose life was nothing but a Crosse  
Of all Soule-vexing Crosseles, life to wrackes;  
Those, by retaile he had, but This, in grosse,  
Is laid on him; so, quite to breake his Backe:

Backe-broken loe, He wends, with these grauefreights,  
To cast this Crosse-like Anchor in Deaths Streights.

No step He treads, but to those Streights they tend;  
Crossed with *Christs*-Crosse, or a Crosse *per se*:

Hee Mutes, and Consonants did adde to th' end:

His Mothers bitter teares the Liquids be:

The Iewes the Vowels are, that spell his woe

That life expels; These make the *Christ*-crosse Row!

See how the sweat fells from his bloodlesse Browes,  
Which doth illiquefact the clotted Gore:

His Burden paines him so with pinching Throwes,  
That (lab'ring) loe, he faints with trauell fore:

His corp' rall powres annihilated quite

(With Paines incursions) loe, yeeld now out-right.

Now at a Stand He staies yet hardly stands;

For, bloodlesse, breathlesse, powrelesse, is his Body:

Now faints that Pow'r that Heau'n and Earth commands;

His Body bloodlesse all, and yet all bloody;

Drawne out by boystrous Blowes sanguinolent,

Which make him stand with Body double bent!

O see my Soule, ah cast thy carefull Eie

Vpon this Miracle-surmounting Wonder!

The Body of thy God is wrencht awry,

And double bow'd this massie Burden vnder!

Is He made crooked that was euer streight?

He is so made, but made so most vnrighr.

Ah see how his most holy Hand relies

Vpon his knees, to vnder-prop his Charge:

Now *Simon-Cyrene* help, or els he dies,

The Crosse hath broke his Backe, it is too large:

Then, take It off, lest Malice be preuented,

And He die yer fell Furie be contented.



## The Holy Roode,

Weepe Daughters of Ierusalem amaine,  
Here, wash his wearie Body with your Teares:  
Though He, in Loue, doth will you them refraine,  
Yet sith He, for your Loue, this Burden beares,  
Help, with your sorrow, to condole his griefe,  
For, Mates in Meane, yeeld Miserie reliefe.

Weep Ioy and Mirth, although it crosse your kind,  
To see your kind Lord thus vnkindly Crost:  
Crost all, in all; in Life, Death, Body, Mind;  
But, crost least in his Crosse, that crost him most:  
For, that, though cruell, most did him relieue,  
Sith it did end, the Deaths, that Life did gine.

It's mercie the condemned, straight to rid  
Out of the paines, to which condemn'd they be;  
Christs cursed Crosse then shew this mercie did;  
For which, ere since, it's call'd a blessed Tree!  
Where Paine, it selfe, doth pittie more than Men,  
Who will not pittie, there, the Pained then?

It's sed, the longer that the world doth weare  
The worse It is; the last Dates are the worst:  
But, these last Times, though bad, doe nothing beare  
That can, so martyr ought, that Nature nurst:  
And did not Truth, it selfe, the same avow,  
Who would beleue this Tragedie were true?

Then who's a Particle of highest Pow're,  
That will not weepe to see It brought so low?  
What Eyes so Gorgoniz'd, that can endure,  
To see the All-vpholder forc'd to bow?  
Then, sith Hee's bow'd that canopi'd the skie,  
Let Earth in center of her Center lie!

Dismount your tow'ring Thoughts, aspiring Minds;  
Vnplume their wings in flight pennipotent;  
Sith Hee that flees on wings of swiftest Winds,  
And with Heau'ns Monarch is equipolent,  
Deignes to detrude His Super-excellence  
So low, to checke base Earths magnificence!

O thou

## Or Christs Crosse.

O thou that back'st the Sun-bright Cherubins,  
And gallop'st o're the glitt'ring Lampes of Heau'n,  
Behold thy Sonne sole Lord of Seraphins,  
Humbled to Earth; nay, with the Earth made eu'n!

O let his deieſt highest Lowlineſſe,  
Our pride, and thy fell plagues, for pride, ſuppreſſe.

Remount vs by His fall, from whence we fell;  
He's fall'n in't hands of Synne, of Griefes the Ground;  
Thoſe ſelfe ſame Hands, threw vs from Heau'n to Hell;  
Yet by's hard fall, O let vs backe rebound:

And for we are the Mammothrepts of Sinne,  
Crolle vs with *Chriſt*, to weane our ioyes therein.

Vpon this Stand of *Chriſt* ſtill could I ſtand,  
To view, with Pitties Eies His Wondrous plight:  
My Muſe is grauell'd here in *Silos* Sand;  
And all profunditie orewhelmes Her Spright;

*That Weakenefſe ſo ſhould crolle th' Almightyes Will,  
As preſt to goe, yet oppreſt ſtandeth ſtill!*

**N**OW let a ſacred Trance transport thy Spirit  
O Man, ro that vnholſy-holy Mount;  
*Chriſt*-crolle ſupporting Mount, where He did merit  
By bitter death, trom death, thy Lifes remount:

*Mount-Tabor All will mount to ſee his glorie,  
But few his grieve, will mount Mount Caluarie.*

There ſee, ah ſee, (though torture-tyred quight)  
How He (weake Woime) creeps vp the Hill in Haſte:  
Yet, lo, the ruthleſſe Iewes, with maine, and might,  
(Beyond His might) do lugge him to His laſt:  
As doubting feeble Fleſh would faint, and die,  
To crolle their, Crolle-intended, crueltie.

Fell Enuie dies with Death; but Malice liues  
In Life, and Death of thoſe ſhee ſeekes to bite:  
The death of whom her, halfe dead, oft reuiues;  
**Yet**, grieues that Death hath freed them from her ſpight:  
Then Malice doth gainſt Mercie moſt rebell;  
For ſhee her foes purſues paſt Death, and Hell!

## The Holy Roode,

eg. 14. When *Jonathan* (all fearelesse) scal'd the Rockes  
Where, charg'd he was with troupes of *Philistines*,  
His Man him equall'd in sustaining knocks:  
Then (loe) our *Jonathan* (charg'd with our sinnes)  
Now climes vp *Caluerie*, to foyle our fone;  
And shall we (cowards) leaue him there alone?

Reg. 31. When *Sauls* bold Squire had seene his Lord to fall  
Vpon his sword, he forthwith did the same;  
And, rather chose death with his Generall,  
Than spare his life to die with liuing shame:  
Then sith our *Sauile* fallies on his Iustice Sword  
For vs, wee die should, likewise, for our Lord.  
Now haue they scal'd this mestine Mountaine top,  
Ore-topt with dead mens Tops, and fleshlesse Shins:  
(A grim aspect!) but here, with ioy they hop,  
Sith here their Plaies Catastrophe begins:  
Among Deaths Trophies, th Engine of his Death,  
Is laid along the Dead-Skull-paued Earth.

See, see, my Soule, (ah harke how It doth cracke!)  
The Hand of Out-rage, that deglutinates  
His Vesture, glu'd with gore-blood to his Backe,  
Which his enfestered Sores exulcerates!  
Ah see a God! or rather Graue, God knowes,  
For, now more like a Graue, than God he showes:

There stands He shaking in a Feauer-fit,  
While the cold Aire his Wounds confrigerates;  
Where on some cold Stone (faint) Hee's faine to sit,  
Which to it selfe his Sores conglutinates:  
The while his Tort'ers make the Morteffe ready,  
To hold the Crosse, that must sustaine him, speedie.

Which beeing done, see how their Teeth they grinde,  
And rudely rend, not raise, him from that Stone:  
There sticke the Cataplasmas still behinde,  
As proofs how they doe part this Holy-One:  
They beare him to the Crosse, but so they beare him,  
As in their portage they doe rather teare him.



## Or Christs Crosse.

See now thereon how they long-straught him stretch,  
And first one Hand; fast to the same they nail;  
Meane while hard by doth stand a ruthlesse Wretch,  
That gainst this Lambe, with open mouth, doth raile:

Alas the while, what dolor is He in

Ah now, eu'n now, sweet *Christ*, thy woes begin.

There with one Hand, nail'd to the Tree, he lies,

Hand-fast to Dolors heau'nt Hand;

The while his foes protract their Tyrannies,

That so his Crosse might still lie at a Stand:

Who fret at Time that fled, they thought, too fast,

And past, in pittie, from the pittie past.

Yet that no Time might scape, without offence,

They fill his Eares with Blasphemies the while;

The while Spight studies so to plague his sense,

That ceaselesse plagues Times pittie might beguile:

While He minds nothing but their ouely good,

And freely bleeds, to saue them with his blood!

His holy Heart doth ake, more for their sinne

Than for the Torments which they make it proue;

Who opes his Heart, to take his Plaguers in,

Till he Gods plagues, by Plagues, from them remooue:

Did euer Mercie, Iustice so oreflow,

To saue Iniustice, while it workes her woe?

Mercie, orewhelm'd in woe, to Iustice praies

To pardon vniust damned Cruelties;

And with deep sighes, and groanes her griefes bewraies,

Lest Iustice should confound her Enemies:

O Mercie infinite! how much are Wee

(Loose in our Liues, and Manners) bound to Thee?

And yet this Mercie, Patience, Grace, and Loue,

Can nought auaille, their rage to mitigate;

Who trie what paine the perfect'st flesh may proue,

Yer Paines the vitall Powres quite dissipate:

Trie ye Conclusions, Diuels, on your God,

That brookes your lerkes to free you from the Rod?

*The Holy Roode,*

Now Time, not Mercie, mooues their Hearts of Steele  
(Because the Sunne wends (mourning) to the West):  
To take the other Hand like paine to feele;  
Yet still prorogue the *Consummatum est*:

So, to the Crosse that Hand they slowly fixe,  
And still his paine with mockes and mowes they mixe.

Both Hands thus nail'd; loe, how they skip for ioy,  
To see the blood come spinning from his vaines:  
And, for they would his sight the more annoy,  
Like, worse than fiends, they triumph in his paines.

Then glorious is his Triumphs excellence,  
That such spight conquers with such patience!

His Hands thus handled, then his feet they take,  
And with a Naile of more than ample size,  
They boare them through; which makes them so to ake,  
That It wrings water from his Manhoods Eyes!

Weepe Angels Saints, and ye Celestiall Sphieares,  
To see your Glories Eyes, ecclipt with Teares!

Thus beeing fixt vpon the senslesse Crosse  
(Howbeit it crackt in token of its cares!)

Now here, now there, the same they turne, and tosse,  
Which scarce can beare\* That, which her Burden bears:

If Heart of Oake, with these griefes, broken be,  
What Hearts haue they, that ioy the same to see?

For, loe, with ioy to see the same they hie,  
While He, sweet *Christ*, lies nail'd amidst the Throng:

Here stands one, grenning, with his necke awry;

There stands another, lolling out the Tongue:

Meane while, O *Christ*, thy paines no Tongue can tell,  
Saue onely Thine, that knew 'st such paines too well!

Well, yet at length his Body vp they reare,

The poize whereof, constraines the Crosse to cracke;

Ah harke (my Muse) harke, harke, how in the Aire

It groanes to feele the God of Natures wracke:

Cracke on, sweet Crosse, and call for vengeance due,

Against those Woblers which Natures God pursue.

Thus .

## Or Christs Crosse.

Thus beeing rear'd, He hou'ring hangs on hie,  
Indoubt, as yet, what place in the Aier to haue;  
For, now this way he reeles, and by and by  
The o:her way, Hee's tossed, like a Waue:

The while on Dolors Deepes, in stormes of Strife,  
With Armes displai'd, He swimmes to lose his Life!

Now vp He is, and past the Pikes thus farre,  
As one spu'd out of Heau'n, and cast from Earth;  
For, Heau'n, and Earth do both against Him warre,  
Who trauels now, with our Redemptions birth:

The whiles the Fiend doth tempt Him, in these woes,  
That so He might that blessed Burden lose.

But now, ah now ensues a pinching paine;  
For, hauing brought him to the Sockets Brimmes,  
(That should the reeling Crosse, and Him sustaine)  
They iog it in, to lacerate his lymmes:

No maruell though the Temples vaile did rent,  
Beeing neere such tearing of th' Omnipotent!

O *Christ*, my *Iesus*, (deere, celestiaall Sweet)  
In this annoy, thine ease, as should appeare,  
Was nought but this, to rest thee on thy feete,  
When as thy Hands with hanging wearie were:

And then to ease thy nummed feet againe,  
Thou mak'st thy Hands thy heauie corps sustaine.

If for thine aking Head thou seekest ease,  
Then loe, a Wreath of Thornes bewraps thy Browes;  
Whose piercing pricks, thy Head doe so diseale,  
That it confounds the same with pinching Throwes:

That Head, whose Members It exhilerates,  
Now agonizing anguish macerates,

All Members feele the anguish of the Head,  
In Animals whose Soules are sensitiue;  
Except, through Accident, the same be dead;  
But Members to reioyce, when Head doth grieue  
Is most vnnaturall; but Grace in this,  
Makes Heads annoy become the Bodies blisse!



## The Holy Rood,

If towards the Heav'ns for help thou cast thine Eyes,  
Lo, there thou seest thy Fathers Browes to bend,  
Against Mans sinne, which on thy shoulders lies,  
So that he lookes more like a foe than friend.

If to the Earth, for help, thou look'st againe,  
Loe, there thy foes stand prest t' increase thy paine.

In this extreame thy friends fled euery one,  
Albeit thou did'st foretell they should doe so:  
Onely thy Mother, and thy darling *Iohn*,  
Stood by thee still, wringing their hands, for woe.

These blessed Paire, repaired to thee then  
When thou seem'd'st left of God, and loath'd of Men.

The hatefull Homicide, the damned Theefe,  
Which on thy left hand hoong, derides thy pow'r;  
And, for thou would'st not yeeld thy selfe reliefe,  
Thou could'st not; he (wretch) thought, with thought vnpure:

So, many deeme thy Members lett of Thee,  
When they with mortall torments martyr'd be.

But Faith is most compleate, when Sense hath nought  
Whereon to giue her, but the least repose;  
When Meanes, whereby her Battailles must be fought,  
Faile vtterly; yet, Shee no ground to lose:

This faith is worthy of the Crosse, and Crowne,  
Because when all is lost, shee holds her owne!

This faith the Theefe, that on thy right hand hoong,  
Had in full force; for, what saw he in thee,  
(Saue extreame Patience in a World of wrong)  
That he should thinke thee God and Man to be?

Who iustifi'd thee, to be iustifi'd,  
And praid to Thee, as to Man Deified!

O thou true Theefe, more true was neuer any,  
Would in thy case I were for all thy paine;  
Thy paines, to day, shall passe to pleasures many,  
Too many for mans heart to entertaine!

O blessed Theefe (so blest was neuer Theefe)  
To die with him, whose deash's thy Soules reliefe!

But

## Or Christs Crosse:

But now, O Christ, how far'st thou all this while?  
Not well, I wot, though well it be for me:  
Ah looke how all thy foes doe grenne, and smile,  
To see thy vile advancement on this Tree:

*Come downe, say they, and save thy selfe, for why,  
Thou art Gods Sonne, and therefore canst not die.*

But, these their words are most irronicall,  
Proceeding from the depth of scorne, and hate:  
And all their words and deeds tyrannicall;  
Vndoing all that doe thy woes abate:

O! envious Serpents hatcht in Hell belo,  
What fiend a faultlesse Soule could torture so?

Downe from the height of his exalted Crosse  
He calls his daz'led Eies, with motion slow,  
Vpon his blessed Mother; ah how closse  
Her Heart with woe is shut, to feele his wo!

His woe shee fees; for, of her Flesh is He,  
Then all His Bodies paines, Her Bodies be.

His Bodies paine, Her Soule and Body pines;  
Her extreame loue in all extremitie,  
His passions fees; for, such Loue nere repines  
To suffer with her Obiect feelingly:

If then, Her Loues life, Death of Deaths, indures,  
Iudge what a Hell of woe Her Soule immures!

Woman (quoth He) behold, behold thy Sonne!  
(Thus said in few, as He had said thus much;)

Behold his end, that at thy selfe\* begun;

Behold his Body, that nere Filth could touch,

*Is now desil'd with Blood, and festered Sores,*

*Both which (thou seest) that Body all begores!*

Behold thy Sonne! now nail'd vnto a Tree;

Whom, so thy Breast, of yore, thy Loue did nurse:

Behold his Head, which oft was wound by Thee,

Now Thorne's, sharp set, doe wound, and sore assaile!

Those Limbes, which thou hast milk-bath'd on thy Lap,

Are now all ore besmeur'd with Bloody Raps.

*In respect of  
his manhood*

## The Holy Rood,

Al! see those Eies, in which thou woont'st so prie,  
As if therein thou saw'st a World of grace!  
Now see them (sinking) stand, as Death stood by,  
Whose gastly presence miferenes my face:

Woman, behold thy Sonne! plagu'd thus for this,  
That Hee, for Mans deere loue, his I E S V S is,

O! Heart-strings hold, or rather Heart-strings breake;  
What Heart can hold, all this to see and heare?  
Then can a Womans Heart (by nature weake)  
The heauie weight of Gods fell vengeance beare?  
The plagues he felt, Gods wrath for sinne inflicted,  
For which, shee's fellow-feelingly afflicted!

O blessed virgin Marie! (holy Mould  
That bare the blessed fruit of Iesse-flow'r)  
Sith Grace, gainst Nature, made thy Heart to hold,  
That must be full of Grace, so full of Pow'r!

O let Eternitie thy Lauds enshrine  
Within all Mouthes, or Humane, or Diuine.

And well mai'st Thou be called full of Grace,  
Sith that the God of Grace thy Wombe did fill!  
And blessed art Thou, for that blessed Case,  
Among all Men and Women of good will:  
For, they must euer blesse Thee, that beleue  
Thou gau'st him Flesh, by which their Spirits doe liue.

O Starre! giuing light, for light, to Jacobs starre,  
Shine Thou with light translucent in that Spheare  
His Spheare surrounds, and mooueth without iarre;  
In that immediate Orbe to His appeare  
A glorious Lampe, to lend all Women light,  
That walke, or wander in this worlds darke Night.

Let neuer Mouth be found so full of Gall,  
As to exaugurate thy blessed Name;  
But be Thou blest with praise perpetuall;  
And let both Heau'n, and Earth sound out the same:  
Sith Thou bar'st Him, that on his Body bare  
The Pennance of our Sinne, thy cause of care.



## Or Christs Crosse.

*My Mother, and thine owne (quoth He againe)*

*O lohn behold; and take thou mine as thine;*

*Bethou Her sonne, in all that doth pertaine*

*To all those blessed Sonnes, whose Sire is mine:*

*In loue, in care, in diligence and dutie,*

*Bethou Her Sonne, sith this to Sonnes is fittie.*

*Comfort Her Heart, Her woe-crosse-wounded Heart;*

*Shee is a Wo-man, Man asswage Her Woe*

*With Manly Comforts; thou more cheerfull art,*

*Although thy Gall be full of griefe, I know;*

*Yet being Strong, thou better mai'st sustaine It,*

*And help Her Heart, with Griefe split, to containe It!*

You that passe by this place, \* behold me too,

And see if any paines be like to mine!

Read on my Head what I was borne vnto;

A C R O W N E : and yet my Crowne my Head doth pine :

Witnes the Holes the same makes in my Erowes,

And witnes That, that from those Fountaines flowes,

\* Lam. I. 12

See, see, ah see, how I, that made this All,

Am made (farre worse than All!) A meere Offence!

Looke in my face, if thou canst for thy Gall,

And see'st ought there, like me, but patience?

For, there thou see'st (bath'd in sanguine streames)

Where Paine, and Patience sits in high'st extreames!

O you that passe by me, see how I hang

In torment such, as no flesh ere did feelee;

As if all paines, in one, were in each pang;

As if the Serpent more than stung my Heele :

The ease I haue, is Worlds of all disease;

Sith Man shall fare the better, farre, for These.

Number my Bones; for, now they may be so,

(Sith bare they be) and tell how many must

Make vp the true Anotomie of Wo;

For, in me you shall find that figure iust:

Sith P A I N E was neuer proud of her degree,

Vntill, in Purple, shee was crown'd in me!

*The Holy Rood,*

You that doe passe by me, see how my Palmes  
For you are rent, and all their sinewes crackt;  
O giue me then, at least, your Pitties Almes;  
Sith for your Treasons (ah) I thus am Rackt:  
Then, sith this Racke, from wracks doth set you free,  
Can you doe lesse than loue the Racke for me?

My Paines not onely free you, from annoy,  
(Yea, such annoy, as no thought can conceiue)  
But make you owe, withall, all endlesse ioy,  
Which, for your loue, in pangs of Death I giue:  
Then, O deere Pilgrims, pittie you my paine,  
And loue, O loue me, lest I die in vaine.

You that doe passe by me, my Feet behold,  
(That in the way of Sinners neuer stood)  
How they my Body beare, not as they should,  
Yet as they should they beare It, for your good:  
Then, wash my Feet (with *Marie*) with one Teare;  
Sith all your sinnes, they, with my Body, beare!

And see if you can any place espie  
About that Body, free from Wounds, or Bloes;  
If not, then pittie me, for whom I die,  
Pittie, O pittie, my vnpittied woes:  
But, if you cannot, woe be to me then;  
For, I had nere felt woe, but for you Men.

The Fountaine of my Blood (my Liuer's) dries;  
In vaine my thirstie Veines doe sucke the same:  
No burning Cole can be more hot than I;  
For, vehement paine, doth all my parts inflame:  
In eu'ry Nerue, like wild fire, it doth rage,  
Without one drop of Mercie It to swage.

See, see how Anguish makes my Soule to beat  
My panting sides, for holding her in paine;  
Who seeks (poore Soule) to shift her wearie Seat,  
Which plagues her more, the more shee toiles, in vaine:  
Sith thus in Loue, for Man, sh'endures this doule,  
Then, in loue, pittie (Man) my painefull Soule.

And

Or Christs Crosse.

And let it grieue thy Soule, my Soule to grieue,  
That thus doth languish for the loue of thee :  
O let not thine, with mine vnkindly striue;  
But that, but one Soule be twixt thee, and me :

And let true Loue, in Deed One, both vs, make;  
That am thus more than broken, for thy sake!

The time hath bin (as knowes ETERNITIE)  
I rid vpon the glorious Cherubins;  
And in my Hand held all Felicitie;  
That now am made a Packe-horse for thy Sinnes!  
I was, as God doth know, high as the High'st,  
Till I, for thee, rooke on me to be *Christ*.

There was a Time, I was; what was I not  
That was not more than infinitely blest?  
But now thy Curse is fall'n vnto my Lot;  
And all to turne thy Curse vnto the best.  
I giue my life for thine (as thou do'st proue)  
Nay, Hea'n for Hell, and all but for thy loue!

The Time hath bin when Angels compast me,  
Still chaunting Hymnes in honour of my name;  
But, now am compast with a company  
Of wretched Wormes, that gnaw mine Honours fame:  
Which fame to me, (witnesse my woes) is deere;  
Then, iudge what tis such blasphemies to heare!

No Sense, Pow'r, Part, in Body, or in Soule,  
Nor parts of those Parts, but, in all extreames;  
Tormented are, in part, and in the whole;  
And quite orewhelm'd with diuine-furies streames!  
Sith then, O Loue, I am thus plagu'd for Thee,  
Pittie, O pittie (Deare Loue) pittie me.

Sith God hath left me, as I Hea'n haue left;  
And P A I N E hath put me where her life doth lie;  
Nay, sith my selfe, am of my selfe bereft;  
Sith beeing L I F E, to giue thee Life, I die :  
Sith, *this*, and more than *this*, is done for thee,  
Pittie (Deere Loue) in Loue, O pittie me.



*The Holy Rode,*

O! NAT VRE, carefull Mother of vs all,  
How canst thou liue, to see thy God thus die?  
To heare his Paines, thus, thus for Pittie call,  
And yet to find no grace in Patties Eie!  
Thy Frame, deere Nature, should be quite dissolu'd,  
Or thy whole Powers into Teares resolu'd!

His Anguish hauing this, in silence, said,  
See, now, how He fore labours for the last;  
The last deneere of Sinnes debt beeing defraid,  
It now remaines that Death the Reck'ning cast:  
But, heauy Death, because the Summe is great,  
Takes yet some longer time to doe the feat.

But now, my Soule, here let vs make a Station,  
To view perspicuously this sad aspect;  
And, through the *Iacobs*-staffe of *Christ* his passion,  
Let's spie, with our right Eie, his Paines effect:  
That in the Lab'rinth of his Languishment  
We may, though lost therein, find solagement.

The Mind, still crost with Heart-tormenting Crosses,  
Here, finds a Crosse to keepe such Crosses out;  
Here, may the Loser find more than his losses;  
If Faith beleue, what, here, Faith cannot doubt:  
For, all his Wounds, with voice vociferant,  
Crie out they can, more than supply each want!

This holy Crosse is the true Tutament,  
Protecting all ensheltred by the same;  
And though Disasters face be truculent,  
Yet will this Engine set it faire in frame:  
This is the feeble Soules nere-failing Crouch,  
And griued Bodies hard, but wholesom'st, Couch.

Looke on this Crosse, when thou art stung with Care,  
It cures forth-with, like *Moses* metl'd Snake:  
What can afflict thee, when thy passions are  
Pattern'd by His, that Paines, Perfections make?  
Wilt be so God vnlike, to see thy God  
Embrace the Whip, and thou abhorre the Rod?

See,

*Or Christs Crosse.*

See, see, the more than all soule-slaying Paines  
Which more than all, for Thee and all he prou'd;  
What Man, except a God he be, sustaines  
Such Hells of paine for Man, with Mind vnmou'd:

What Part (as erst was sed) of all his Parts  
But tortur'd is with smarts, exceeding smarts!

His Vaines, and Nerues, that channellize his Blood,  
By violent Conuulsions all contracted:

His Bones, and Ioynts, from whence they whilome stood,  
With Rackings, quite disloked, and distracted:

His Head, Hands, Feet, yea all from Top to Toe,  
Make but th'imperfect Corps, of perfect Woe!

O that mine Head, were Head of seau'n-fold Nyle,  
That from the same might flowe great Floods of Teares,  
Therein to bathe his bloodlesse Body, while  
His Blood effuz'd, in sight confuz'd, appeares:

Then should my Teares ege lidate his Gore,  
That from his Blood founts, for me, flow'd before.

Oburning Loue! O large, and lasting Loue!  
What Angels tongue thy limits can describe?  
That do't extend thy selfe all Loue about,  
For which all praise, Loue ought to Thee ascribe:  
Sith skarce the Tongue of Gods Humanitie,  
Can well describe this boundlesse Charitie!

Why doe I liue? alas why doe I liue?  
Why is not my Heart Loue-sicke to the Death?  
But, shall I liue, my louing Loue to grieue?  
O no, O rather let my lose my Breath.

*Then take me to thee, Loue, O let me die  
Onely but for thy Loue, and Sinne to flie.*

Stay me with Flagons, with Fruit comfort me;  
Now I am sicke, Heart-sicke of sweetest loue:  
Then let me liue (sweet Loue) alone in Thee;  
For, Loue desires in That, belou'd, to moue:  
I liue, and moue in Thee; but yet, O yet,  
I liue to moue; that is, to make Thee sicke!

Shall

Shall Fleshlesse frailtie, O! shall euer Flesh  
 Extercorate her filth Thee to annoy?  
 Or shall the same be euer found so nesh  
 As not't endure Paine-temporall, that light Toy?  
 The Heau'ns fore-fend that Flesh should so offend,  
 Such God, in Flesh, was wrackt, Flesh, marr'd, to mend.

Looke Turkes, and Pagans on this Spectacle;  
 See, through the same, the errors ye are in:  
 This is true Faiths incire, Subreſtacle;  
 Propitiatorie Sacrifice for Sinne:

This is God crucifi'd, which ye despise;  
 Because His Manhoods meekenesse hurts your Eies.

Tell me would euer Man but God, and Man,  
 Freely, of selfe accord, accord to beare  
 Gods Angers plagues, for Man, which no Man can,  
 That on this God and Man inflicted were?  
 None but a God, whose Pow'r is infinite,  
 Can brooke the paines that are indefinite!

Let goe his Workes, meere Metaphisicall,  
 Which World will witnesse, though the World doth hate him,  
 (That might suffice to prooue Him God in All)

And looke but on the price his friends did rate him,

*With all the plagues his powres, for Foes, sustaine,  
 You must confesse 'tis God that bides such paine,  
 And that your faith is false, and Gospell vaine.*

Who ioy vnmeasurable can beare, vnioy'd,  
 And Griefe intollerable sustaine, vngrieu'd,  
 Must needs be God; that is with neither cloy'd,  
 And of his grace, by neither, is depriu'd:

*This is that God, that All-supporting Pow'r,  
 Our Faiths Foundation, and the Churches Tow'r!*

To thee my God, my Lord, my Iesus Christ,  
 Will I ascribe all Glorie, Pow'r, and Grace;  
 Thee will I serue (say Pagans what they list)  
 And, with the Armes of Loue, thee still embrace:  
 That for my loue, in loue, do'st deigne to die  
 This death of shame, my life to glorifie.



## Or Christs Crosse?

O let the Summe of all, be all and some,  
Comprised in thy Heau'n-surmounting praise;  
That *wasst*, that *art*, and *shalt be*, aye to come,  
The Subiect of thy Subiects thankfull Laies:

Who, with aduanced voice, doe Carroll forth,  
The praise of thine inestimable Worth!

And sith thy Soule, for me, is so conflicted,  
My Soule, to thee, in griefes, shall be affected;  
And, for thy Flesh, through loue, is so afflicted,  
My Flesh, for thy high loue, shall be deicted:  
Soule, Flesh, and Spirit, for thy Spirit, Flesh, and Soule,  
Shall (longing) pine, in Flesh-repining Dole.

Mine onely Schoole shall be Mount Caluerie,  
The Pulpit but the Crosse; And Teacher none  
But the meere Crucifixe to mortifie;  
No Letters but thy blessed Wounds alone:  
No Commaes but thy Stripes; no Periods  
But thy Nailes, Crowne of Thornes, Speare, Whips, & Rods.

None other Booke but thy vnclasp'd Side  
(Wherein's contain'd all Skills Angelical)  
None other Lesson but *Christ crucifi'd*  
Will I ere learne: for, that is all in all:  
Wherein Selfe-Curiositie may find  
Matter to please the most displeased Mind.

Here, by our Masters Nakednesse, we learne  
What Weeds to weare; by his Thorne-crowned head,  
How to adorne vs: and, we may discern  
By his most bitter Gall, how to be fed:  
How to reuenge, by praying for his foes;  
And, lying on his Crosse, how to repose.

For, when we read him ouer, see we shall,  
His Head with Thornes, his Eares with Blasphemies;  
His Eies, with Teares; his honnied Mouth with Gall;  
With Wounds, his Flesh; his Bones with Agonies  
All full: and yet (withall) to heare him say,  
So Man might liue, he would thus languish aye!

## The Holy Rood,

O Worke without Example! And O Grace  
Without deseruing! Loue! O largest loue  
Surmounting measure! that for Wormes so base  
And basely bad, such Hels of woes doth proue!  
Had we bin friends, what would he then haue done,  
That, beeing his foes, no woes for vs doth shunne?

For, lo, he hangs in Torments most extreame,  
Wrapt in the Intrals of ten thousand Euils;  
While (*Christ*) thy foes thy noble name blaspheme,  
And raue against thee like out-ragious Diuels:  
From out their banefull Bulkes all spight they spue,  
Till P A I N E did Hydra-headed Paine subdue!

**B**Ut now, begin the angrie Heau'ns to scoule,  
And *Phebus* hides from thee his golden Head:  
Now, Sathan toyles, to tempt thy sacred Soule:  
Now, sinks thy Body downe, as it were dead:  
Now, quakes the Earth, now rends the Temples Vaile,  
And now thy Senses doe themselues assaile.

Now, frownes thy Father, with a dreadfull looke;  
Now, burnes his wrath, which fire thy Soule doth feare:  
Now, gape the Graues of Saints, which now awooke  
From out the sleepe of Death, wherein they were:  
Now roares the Thunder in the gloomy skie,  
Now Sathan yelles, because his foile's so nic.

*Orion*, now, doth muster misty Cloudes,  
Wherewith the foggie Aire is dark'ned quight:  
And now, thy Fathers face from thee he shrouds,  
That whilome woont, on thee, to shine so bright:  
All which compell thy Manhood thus to crie,  
*Ely, Ely, Lamma sabachthanie!*

Now, downe thy holy Head begins to sinke;  
And now the Hand of Death doth close thine Eies:  
Thy Tongue, enflam'd with paine, now thirsts for drinke;  
Which beeing reueal'd, that want, Spight straight supplie:  
Who giues thee (ah!) (to plague thy Taste withall,  
In gall of bitternesse) the bitter'st Gall?

But

But (by the way) here note, my mournfull Muse,  
The great! (ah tearmes I want aright t'expresse)  
The monstrous malice of these cankered Jewes,  
Who not content his Corps with Paines t'oppreffe,  
Doenerethelesse his Senses seeke to spill,  
And grieue because his Soule they cannot kill!

O Sonnes of Sinne, can ye see Iustice-Sonne  
(So like the Sonne of all Impietie)  
Thus made a Chaos of Confusion,  
With Angels so to range you orderly,  
Yet liue disord' red? then (ah) what remaines  
But lookt-for Worlds of all confused paines!

Say, for his glorie, he endures these Stormes  
Without respect of your peculiar gaine:  
Alas! what glorie can G O D haue of Wormes,  
But such as he might lothe, sith vile, as vaine?  
Then, sith he for yours (not his glory) dies  
With shame, for shame die ye for his likewise.

Sith He that's Lord of Blisse, and all Renowne,  
Diues to the Ground of Shame, and Sorrowes Seas,  
To fetch vp Lemmes of Ioy, for Glories Crowne,  
To place but on Mans Head, in Worlds of ease!  
Then Man should to the Ground of deep't annoy  
Diue for like Lemmes, his Lord, alike, to ioy.

Had we but *Selfe-Loue* in the kindest kind,  
This loue alone would force vs this to doe:  
For, this *Selfe-Loue* (not like the other, blind,  
Seeing what Ioyes such Woes doe waft vs to)  
Makes vs, for our owne future endlesse ease,  
Loue to be ducking still in Sorrowes Seas.

*Christs* bitter, and his latest draught thus drunke,  
The Pangs of Death begin each limbe to Racke;  
Now picks his Soule, the Lifes Locke of his Truncke;  
For now his deere Heart-strings begin to cracke:  
Father, quoth he, to thee I giue my Soule;  
For now is finish'd both my Life, and doule.



*The Holy Rood,*

And for the vp-shoot, *Longinus*, with a Speare,  
Doth pierce his side, and cleeueth his Heart in twaine;  
From which, as from an hallowed Fountaine cleere,  
Both Blood, and Water gusheth forth amaine:  
Drinke now an Health, my Soule; for, this is Wine,  
Will all thy faculties, with grace, refine!

For, this is *Christ*, through whose sides (soules to saue)  
All Men are crucifi'd: with whose last Breath  
All Men gaue vp the Ghost: within whose Graue  
All buried be: by whose arise from Death  
All are reuiu'd: for, he, as we beleue,  
Did liue to die, that we might die to liue.

In Paradise from one selfe head did flow  
Foure Streames, of Earth, to bathe each drouhtie limbe:  
From *Christ* (Faiths Paradise) Blood floweth fo;  
From whose Heart, through his Hands, and Feet, doth swimme  
(On floods of gore) the Arke of grace, wherein  
Th'elect are sau'd from beeing wrackt through sinne.

And from his side (beside) came welling forth  
Both Blood and Water full of Misterie;  
Blood to purge sinne, and Water of like worth;  
To note new birth in Christian Infancie:  
From all whose Bodies parts to parts, and whole,  
Blood streamed forth to clense each Bodies Soule.

The Blood of Beasts effuz'd in sacrifice  
Were Typicall; yet pleas'd the angrie High'st:  
But that did this (most pure) Blood symbolize;  
Those Shadowes were dispell'd by *Iesus Christ*  
True Iustice Sunne, in whom no shadow is,  
Either of Change, or Sinne, or ought amisse.

Here, perpendicularly hangs the Line  
By which from out the Worlds Maze men do goe  
Vnto a World more ample, more diuine,  
Without which all goe wrong to rightest woe:  
Then goe by this, you that would not be lost;  
For, hereby you goe right, how euer crost.

And

Or Christs Crosse.

And if foule Sinnes, glu'd fast to flesh, and Blood  
So closely cling that they will not away  
Vnlesse vnloosed with a sanguine flood,  
This working Deluge will not let them staie:

Noes flood confounded all, saue eight alone,  
But this saues all that it hath ouerflowne!

NOW hath the great CREATOR, for Mans sake,  
The second *Adam* cast into a sleepe;  
Whiles of his Heart-blood Hee his Spouse doth make;  
For whom His Heart doth Blood, and Water weepe:  
Which compound Teares are turn'd to Ioy, intire,  
For his Heart-blood effects his Hearts desire!

Which deere desire, was one deere Spouse to haue,  
To be co-partner of his Griefes and Ioyes;  
Which when he wooke, his God vnto him gaue,  
To comfort him in comforts, and annoies:  
Which when he saw, He held (most faire to see!)  
flesh, of his Flesh, Bone, of his Bones to be!

Now hath the Monster Flesh-deuouring Death  
Got him within his Bowels; but (though dead)  
Looke how a woman, groaning, languisheth  
In Child-birth till shee be deliuered,  
So groaneth Death, who trauelleth in paine,  
Till of his charge he be discharg'd againe.

And as the \* Babylonian Dragon brake  
So soone as *Daniels* Lumpes his Mouth had fill'd;  
So, Death, that of Lifes Lord a Meale did make,  
In sunder brake, and vtterly was spild:  
His Mawe could not digest that blessed Bit,  
Made most immortall by his eating it.

Nor could he vomit vp this Bread of Life,  
Which (Poyson-like, while it in him abides)  
Had with his nature such vncessant strife,  
That it brake forth the next way through his sides:  
Sending celestiall Beames, not to the skie,  
But to the Throne of highest diuinitie.

Bell, &  
Dragon.

*The Holy Rode,*

Nor could He (as some Beasts rechev their meat,  
To cause the same the better to digest)  
Rechev this Bread, so fast, and so compleat  
Made by his chewing, that it now must rest  
As free from Palsion, as from violence,  
Garded with Powre, and Glories excellence.

O! that all Spirits of high Intelligence,  
(By royall Armies) would themselves immure  
In my blunt Braines; that, by their confluence,  
I might expresse (with Nectar'd Phrases pure)  
The praise that to this Palsion right pertaines,  
Whose sacred vertue, sacred Vertue, staines !

The vertue of this Palsion is of pow'r  
Reuenges Red, to change to Mercies White;  
This Palsions vertue is so passing pure,  
That Fowle to Faire it turnes, and Darke, to Light:  
"The Land-marke to true Rest, when Troubles tosse  
"(In Sorrowes seas) is *Christ* vpon the Crosse.

Ye vnconfused orders Angellick  
In order come to take this Blood effuz'd:  
Bring forth Celestiall Bowles, with motion quick,  
To which this pretious blood may be infuz'd:  
Let not one drop be lost of such rare Blood,  
That makes men passing bad, exceeding good!

Couer this *Aqua-vita* with your wings  
From touch of Infidels, and Iewes prophane:  
They haue no int'rest in this King of Kings;  
Whose blood they suck'd, which blood will be their bane:  
Make much thereof, sith but the least drop of it  
Is worth ten thousand Worlds for price, and profit:

Yet, let poore Spirited Conuerts, drinke their fill;  
And I will their drie Soules, till with it they swell;  
Such diuine surfetting is wholesome still;  
For, noysome Humors it doth quite expell:  
Yea, though, with griefe, they swell, and breake with paine,  
Such griefe brings ioy, and makes them whole againe.



## Or Christs Crosse.

The Elephants, of yore inur'd to warre,  
Before the Fight, some blood were vs'd to see;  
Which them incenst, the more to make them dare;  
Then, if a Beast shall not our better be,  
Sith *Christ* wee see quite drown'd thus in his Blood,  
We must endure the Racke, as he the Rood.

Five Founts he opens; whence, doe (gushing) flow  
Red Seas, to drowne our blacke Egyptian sinnes;  
That they no more may seeke our ouerthrow:  
Then, should we goe, like Israels Denizins,  
Though Walts of Woes, orethrowing eu'ry Let,  
Till we into the Land of Promise get!

**N**OW, to this Lifelesse, yet Life-giuing Body  
Returne my Soule; see, see, how like a Clod  
He hangs, with gastly-grimme aspect, all bloody;  
Ah who would weene this Man should be a God?  
And yet what Man can doubt it, sith He died  
As Man, for Men, that this God crucified?

What cheere O holy *Marie*, Gods deere Mother?  
How fares thy Heart, transpierc'd with Sorrowes sword?  
Thy Sonne is slain; yet sure there is none other  
That kils, and straight reuiueh with a Word!  
If He alone hath this almightie pow'r,  
Doubt not but He himselfe, Himselfe will cure!

What! doe I doubt that thou a doubt do'st make  
Of his euuall? O! I wrong thee much  
If so I should; for, thy Faith cannot shake,  
Sith it is stai'd by Gods vnshaken Touch:  
Then, that thou should'st be thus, so woe-begon,  
I see no cause, saue Natures course alone.

Nature will yerne, when monstrous minded Men  
Prodigiously doe violate Her Lawes:  
But when they wracke her selfe, what will shee then?  
Will shee not mourne? to grieue, hath shee no cause?  
Shee were vnlike her selfe, and her selfe foe,  
If (toucht so neere) she were not toucht with woe.

Then,

## *The Holy Roode,*

Then, sacred Saint, thou must haue leaue to mourne :  
Thy losse is great, although thy gaine be more :  
Thy Heart must rend, to see thy deere Heart torne;  
It needs must bleed, when Its so full of Gore :

If it be drie, through bleedings great excesse,  
Would Mine, for Thine, might bleed, and neuer cease.

**A**Nd sith twixt you is such proximitie,  
That thou do'st thoroughly taste the smart he feeles;  
He turne my speech a while alone to thee,  
To comfort thee with ioy which Faith reueales :  
And though thou now triumph in endlesse ioy,  
This might be fed to thee in thine annoy.

Thine Eies that see (engulph't in seas of Tears)  
Griefes Objects, greater than they are indeed,  
Dissolue in Brine to season so thy Cares,  
That Sorrow may thereon with pleasure feed:  
“ When Sorrowes swellings burst out of the Eies,  
“ The Heart doth hold to giue them fresh supplies.

Thine Eares belecue all Sounds (how sweet so ere)  
Are but the Accents of a Tragicke voyce;  
The Angels Notes doe seeme but parts to beare  
In the Confusion of an irkesome noyse:  
“ For, when the Body is without the Head,  
“ What Musicke makes the Trunke but dull, or dead.

The Ecchoes of thy Plaints doe seeme to thee  
The mournfull cries of Riuers, Rockes, and Hills;  
As though their Maker them had made to be  
True feelers of his Paines, thy Griefes, their Ills :  
“ For, when as Natures God feeles violence,  
“ Nature makes nought that hath not feeling sense!

Each glimpse of Ioy to thee is like the Spoiles  
Of some rich Kingdome to her conquer'd Prince;  
Which are the markes of her recurelesse foiles,  
And, without warre, his warring Thoughts conuince :  
“ For, others mirth doth then become our mone,  
“ When they make merrie with our losse alone.

## Or Christs Crosse.

What ere delights the Eare then renouates  
The woefull want of thy Sonnes fū gred Words;  
For, Angels voice but recapitulates  
The mille of That which sweeter voice affoord:

“And to be minded of the losse of Ioy

“Doth make vs find, in old losse, new annoy.

As Loue (that highly prizeth pricelesse Things)  
Trebles the price of those of highest rate;  
So, Reason and Iudgement (Faithlesse almightie Wings)  
Lifting thy Soule to see thy high estate,  
Makes his Crosse thy Crosse-Crosse-let (treble crost)  
Because so well thou know'st what thou hast lost.

And all the Sweetes thy Senses apprehend,  
Are but as Crummes of thy late royall cheere;  
Which thy erst full-fed Soule doe but offend,  
And make thy Look more hunger-pin'd appeare:

“The Pallat vs'd to ful-disht daintie Cates,

“The homely crumms of course Crusts deadly hates.

Worlds-glorie is to thee a Lightnings flame,  
Which doth but light to see calamitie:  
For, out it goes when it hath show'd the same,  
And Hell doth leaue behind, t'affront the Eie;  
For, Glorie, in his Grace, did so excell,  
That Heaū'n with it compar'd is worse than Hel.

For, killing in his owne Life-giuing Death  
The sacred life of liues; it doth ensue  
All liuing Things died, with his yeelding breath;  
So made Death victor, and did Death subdue!

“But, by Death to subdue Lifes conquering Foe,

“Is Life in Death though Flesh, and Blood say no.

No, no, sai'st Thou (deere Saint) as Flesh thou art,  
Whose Blood doth boile, in passion, for thy losse:  
For, through his Death thy Life feeles mortall smart;  
So, his Crosse, Tree of Life, is thy Lifes Crosse:

“For, Grace, and Nature beeing opposite,

“Doth breed an endlesse bate twixt Flesh and Sp'rite.

H

When



## The Holy Roode,

When Faith doth Reason into Loue transmute,  
Then Faith, through Loue, surmounteth Reasons reach:  
And scornes with Flesh and Blood once to dispute:  
But in the Metaphysicks Reas'n doth teach:

Yet now thy Faith, and Loue, and Reas'n conspire  
To reauce thy rest in quest of thy desire.

Thy Loue, by reason of thy miseries,  
Engulphs thy Memorie in grieve so deepe,  
That thou forgett'st thy fore-past promises,  
Remembring but (thy hearts ease) still, to weepe:

"For, when hearts-ease doth from the heart depart,  
"Nature enforceth Teares to ease the Heart.

But, yet the inward presence of thy Sonne,  
His outward absence (deere Saint) may supply:  
Who from thy Wombe into thy Heart is gone,  
That thou mai'st feele him much more vitally:

Then, in thy Heart (which Sorrowes Sword doth wound)  
He makes his Tent, to Tent and make it sound.

But, if thou feel'st not yet this Lord of Life  
Stirre in that liueli'st feeling part of Thee,  
It is sith Passions there are yet in strife,  
Sprung from his Passions which Perfections be:  
But kept he not the peace in so great strife,  
No, force of Nature could maintaine thy life.

Thy Teares doe (quenching) feed the sacred fire  
That Natures Lead transmutes to Graces Gold:  
Zeale blowes the coles of thy diuine desire  
To haue (as earst thou had'st) thy Sonne in hold:  
But since thou hast him in thy better Part,  
As sure thou hast him, as thy Soule, or Heart.

Yet, for his sight thy thirst is so extreame  
(The Ocean of which comfort swels so high)  
That though into thy Parts the Whole should streame,  
Yet could it not therefore Thirst satisfie:

"For, that which is belou'd, without annoy,

"The Senses seuerally would still enioy.

Then

## Or Christs Crosse.

Then hauing Him but in thy Heart, thy Heart  
Hath so much Sorrow, with that boundlesse blisse,  
That Grace, by Nature, is perplext in part,  
So the whole Heart thereby perplexed is:

“For, till Flesh puts on immortalitie,  
“It cannot shake off Natures Qualitie.

Yet wert thou by his mouth forbid to weep,  
Whose Biddings and Forbiddings are such Lawes,  
As all are bound religiously to keepe,  
Sith, to infringe them, doth Perdition cause:  
And, sith the vnion twixt you Two is such,  
Thy weeping for thy selfe, himselfe doth touch.

Tooke He not Flesh of Thee: then is the same  
Thine, by the law of Nature, which is His:  
For, Nature neerer vnion cannot frame,  
Which makes thine Eies to fashion Teares amisse:  
And, sith true Loue doth make you most intire,  
Then must thy Teares fall crosse to his desire.

But yet thou sai'st, but for thy Selfe thou weep'st,  
When thou weep'st for Him, beeing one with Thee:  
And so thou ween'st his holy Heast thou keep'st,  
Who, for thy selfe to weep'e, gaue libertie:  
Nay, rather gaue command, which to transgress  
Must be most damnable, or little lesse.

The fault therefore, herein, (if any be)  
Must be (thou ween'st) in beeing one with Him:  
Which Sinne, thou sai'st, proceedes of Grace in Thee;  
Both which, in both thine Eies, thou mak'st to swimme  
Out of Election; so, presumptuously  
Thou sinnest thus by Graces regencie:

For, if the Sunne in Sable him inuolu'd  
When Lights inlight'ner quencht was in his Blood;  
If Natures frame was like to be dissolu'd,  
To see her Maker marr'd in likelihood:

Then O! who cannot weepe for such a losse,  
His heart's more hard than (heart of oake) the Crosse,

*The Holy Rood,*

Thine Heart, and Eies (for, both alike doe moue,  
Sith Heart and Lookes are one in Deed, and Show)  
Doe pay him Tribute of religious Loue,  
Which He hath paid, and thou to Him do'st owe :

For, what He paid thou ow'st by double Band  
Which Grace, and Nature sealeth with thy Hand.

This dew of Grace nere falls but straight the Sunne  
Of Iustice doth exhale It to his Spheare:

And if the fowle'st face It ouer-runne,  
In Mercies Eies It makes It Christall cleare :

For Eies that so oreflowe, are Wels of Grace,  
Wherein God loues to looke, to see his face!

For, this imperiall Water thy poore Heart  
The Lymbecke is, to Styll it through thine Eies;  
From Hearb of Grace (call'd Rue) by Sorrowes Art;  
And, made, by quenchlesse flames of Loue, to rise :

Wherein the Angels loue themselues to plunge,  
And ioy to draine these drops becomes the Spunge.

Vpon this Water-streames, with winds of strife,

Thy Soule doth saile vnto the Port of Peace :

Toraigne for euer in the Land of Life,

With him for whom these Surges neuer cease :

For sith these Waues doe whast from Sinne to Grace,  
From Grace to Glorie then, they passe apace.

Thy Sunne is set, and at his going downe,

These brackish Seas did rise to meete his fall;

That *Tethis* of thy true loue, to thine owne,

In her moist Lap receiues this Light of all:

But sith thou know'st, by Nature, he must rise,

Let Grace with comfort cleere thy cloudy Eies.

No doubt thou would'st (by force of that strong Tie)

Enſue his Steps, though glutted with his Gore :

And could'st a Death, with Hels of Torment, die;

So thou might'st liue with Him, that dies no more :

"Then to be barr'd of what Loue doth desire,

"Turnes Loue to Langor, and her frost, to fire.



Or Christs Crosse.

How liuely were that Death, whose deadeſt Meane  
The dead'ſt *Cadaver*, with a Touch, reuiues:  
And makes immaculate Soules moſt yncleane,  
Beeing Death of Deaths that giueth life of liues:

“ And honnied were the death of ſuch a life,

“ Where Sinne and Grace are ſtill at mortall ſtrife.

For then yet liu'ſt as many Deaths to feele  
As thou liu'ſt howres; and, no leſſe griefe to taſte  
Then was thy welfare in his onely weales  
Which, beeing extreame, then extreame woe thou haſt:  
But, cheere thee (Saint) ſith nought, ſo violent  
Can (though it perfect were) be permanent.

Liue out thy liuing Death then, in ſuch peace,  
As to thy dying life may yeeld reſpoſe;  
Let woes encrease, paſt, preſent ioyes encrease;  
For, they doe winne, at length, that long doe loſe:

“ And when as Griefe's enthron'd in greateſt grace,

“ Then downe it muſt, and Ioy poſſeſſe her place.

And though thy Soule liues more by force, then choiſe  
Within thy dying Corps, her liuing Tombe,  
Yet, beeing there interr'd, ſhe may reioyce  
It did, and doth both God and her, enwombe:

Then O how bleſſed is that Earth of Thine,

That two ſuch Sp'rites of life doth ſtill enſhrine!

That Sepulcher of Death, and Seate of Life

Thy bliſfull-bliſſeſſe-bleſſed Body, O

I want fit words (while Words are all at ſtrife,)

Thy Bodies ten-times bleſſed ſtate to ſhow:

For, that ſtanch Cheſt thoſe pretious Iewels keeps

That keepe the Cheſt ſecure in Dolours Deeps.

Then melt not, O melt not thy Heart away

In flames of Loue, but loue to loue him ſtill:

For, if thou heartleſſe be, where ſhall he ſtaie?

And if thou kill'ſt thy heart, thou hiſ do'ſt kill:

For, thine is His, then for Him tender It,

With loue that is, for laſting, onely fit.

*The Holy Rode,*

Thou think'st (perhaps) so well he loueth Thee,  
That if thy Soule for that deere loue should die,  
He would giue Thee his Soule, thy Soule to be,  
Sith Soulelesse, now, his Body, yet, doth lie:

But sith from Death to Life he will remoue,  
He His must vse; then keep Thine for his loue

Thou canst not feare his losse that all reliues,  
For, ardent loue quite kills the Ague Feare:  
He can reuiue himselfe, that All reuiues;  
And can make All, as if they neuer were:

Then sith Faith holds, he is omnipotent,  
Hold thee by Faith almightily content.

Let those whose Faith begins but now to sprout,  
Or senslesse things that feele the force he felt,  
Themselues vnto their Makers fortune sute,  
While their kind Bowels, in compassion, melt:

But be thou ioyfull, as thou faithfull art,  
"Sith Faith sucks comfort out of holy smart.

The Place that held him, earst, thou held'st an Heau'n;  
The Time thou him enjoy'dst, a merrie Maie:  
Comforts diuine, the duties to him giu'n;  
The Aire wherein he breath'd, eternall Day:

If these seem'd thus, whiles yet he liu'd to die,  
What are they now he liues immortally?

Then let not Feare doubt more than Faith confirme,  
Sith doubts are Grounds for Griefe to descant on:  
And each mishap our hopes doe make infirme;  
Though It we meete not, with Suspition:

"To force our friendship on a mortall foe,  
"Makes Folly triumph in our ouerthro.

But, Loue that hath in Feares and Hopes no measure,  
The more It longs her Obiect to possesse,  
The more it doubts thereof, the dire displeasures  
And being disleis'd thereof, doth hope the lesse:

But O! this Loue is humane, not diuine,  
For Faith will not let Feare true loue decline.

## Or Christs Crosse.

Christ, to thy longing-loue, is as the River  
Vnto the chaled Hart, which still he seekes;  
And as Men thirstie, mind but moysture euer,  
So loue doth thinke on nought, but what it likes:

If That Bee not, It seekes no more to Bee,  
But Beeing, It would Be That, bond, or free.

Loue cannot liue without her Obiect long,  
Sith shee then (longing;) liues a dying life:  
Who weenes her Right, then, to her offers wrong,  
As doth the Husband that forsakes his Wife:

"For, in our deeds, which Reason might reprove;  
"We scape vnshent, if they were done in loue.

While loue doth lacke the oyle that makes it flame,  
It is all Eare, or Eie, to heare, or see  
Who can bewraie, or where abides the same,  
That there she may in Ioy, or Sorrow be:

And listens vnto Newes with longing-heed,  
In hope thereby to find her longings meed.

If It be good, shee hopes it's without peere;  
If bad it be, shee feares it's worse than ill:  
But be it good or bad, shee it must heare,  
Although the ioy or sorrow her may kill:

"Desire doth neuer rest till that be had;  
"Which, like to that Desire, is good or bad.

Clothe him with Diamonds that quakes for cold,  
Or cramme his purse with crownes that's hunger-pin'd:  
That, for a freeze Gowne giue his Jewels would,  
This, all his Crownes for Crusts of courtest kind:

"As each supplie supplies not each defect,  
"So, nought contents Desire, but his Elef.

They that haue most, are held most rich to be;  
And they that haue their wish, held most to haue:  
Then, as in Him is all that's wisht of thee,  
So Hee's the Summe of all that thou canst craue:

"It is the greatest gaine that can be made,  
"To get eternall good, for goods that fade.

But



The Holy Rood, 10

But rest these Thoughts which Thee of rest deprive,  
In Paradise where he (thou know'st) doth rest;  
For there, he said, the Theefe should, with him, lye;  
That day that he of life was dispossess:

"Then, when the life of Loue is dead to Griefe,

"And liues to Ioy, Ioy is dead Loues reliefe.

Hee, for vs, captiu'd our captiuitie;

And, what is that but death, the due of Sinne?

Which now he triumphs ore, in victorie,

That we might still reioyce, not grieue, therein.

"When Griefe is slaine, it is a wrong to Ioy

"Our Powres, in Sorrowes seruice to imploy.

Yet greater cause of griefe Griefe cannot giue:

But greater cause of ioy, Ioy cannot yeeld:

Griefe, Ioy resists, and Ioy, with Griefe, doth strine;

Thus, twixt these two, still doubtfull is the field:

But Ioy, at last, (as true Griefe doth presage)

Shall Victor be, and no more Battell wage.

For, this is He (who though thus skarrified,

Tormented, slaughtred, and thus vilipended:

That is, indeed, the first Man deified,

Whom Men-of-God, as God, to Men commended:

To Him the Prophets gauethis Testimonie,

That, He should Liue, as Man, to die for Many:

His Skinne, the Whips; his Flesh, Thornes made vnfound;

The Nailes, his Nerues; the cruell Speare, his Heart:

Sharp Woes, his Soule; Gods wrath, his Mind did wound;

So, wounded was, in all and eu'ry Part!

Thus, his Soules Soule was sacrific'd for Sinne,

That so our Soules might, their lost glory, winne.

His hand of Pow'r, at first did figurate

The Belsire of Mans most vnconstant kind:

And shall those Hands, that Hand did figurate,

This Hand almightie, by their frailtie bind?

No, no (alas) the Scepter's in that Hand

That doth both Heau'n and Hell, of right, command!

Hee,

*Or Christs Crosse.*

Hee, like the glorious, rare Arabian Bird,  
Will soone result from his incinderment,  
(Which flaming Loue, and Charitie had fir'd)  
Of sole selfe-pow'r, and owne arbitrement:

And though his Toyles be (Silke-worme like) his Tombe,  
Yet shall his actiue Sp'rite his Flesh vntombe!

Diuinely then, with Triumph *Cesared*,  
He shall reblesse Thee with ten Thousand Blissess;  
Whereby thy Soule shall aie be rauished  
With many millions of sweet Comforts kisses!  
Whose Sweetes shall be so super-naturall,  
That they, perforce, thy Cares shall cordial.

Then cheere thee sacred Virgin, mourne no more:  
The worst is past, the best is now to come:  
Thy blessed Wombe, his blessed Body bore,  
To die accurst, for which, He blest thy Wombe:  
The Curse we caus'd, for which, He Death indures,  
Then mourne no more, but let the Griefe be Ours.

Fraile-Fleashes signiorizing Tyrant, fell,  
(Vsurping Monarchie in her Effects  
Stearne Hydra-headed SINNE, with Death, and Hell)  
He by his Death, to free our Flesh, subiects:  
Then let Lifes Death, that Lifes Death doth relieue,  
Kill thy quicke woes, and thy dead ioyes reuiue.

Serene thy Woe-adumbred Front, sweet Saints,  
Let Ioy transluce thy Beauties blandishment:  
Thy Sonne feesles not (for Death is Sence restraint)  
Yet fees, though dead, thy liuing languishment:  
Which well he wots (though it of Loue proceed)  
Auailes Him not, nor mends His Killers Creed.

Thou know'st thy charge, thy Master thee impos'd,  
Sacred Euangelist, His Soules deere Loue;  
To thee her Sonne as to her Sonne dispos'd;  
O then discharge thy charge, for her behoue:  
And like a Sonne, yeeld her sad Heart reliefe  
With words that flow from fellow-feeling griefe.

## The Body Rode, 10

Come, come, O Ioseph, *Nichodemus* come,  
Make haste, post haste, to take his Body downe:  
He yet craues pittie, though He yet be dumbe:

Yet, by your oath, your loue may yet be showne:

Though feare of Men, did make ye God forsake,

Yet God, sith ye are Men, will mercie take.

You did none other than his Minions did,

Whom, of base Groomes, his Grace did Minnionize.

Yet, in his Troubles all their Heads they hid;

And left him for their Sinnes a Sacrifice:

Yet sith his Armies are spread, them to embrace,

Ye may be sure Hee'l take you too to grace.

Then sith in loue, ye haue obtained leaue

To take him downe that, humbled, so was raised,

Then downe retake him, and withall beleue,

He shall (in Heau'n remounted) aie be praised:

Vp with your *Scala-Cæli* to the Tree,

To take downe Heau'n; for, Heau'n of Heau'ns is Heel

**N**OW, Soule suppose thou see'st these worthy Men

Laden with Linnen, and with costly Gumbes,

Vnto the blessed-cursed Crosse to ren,

T'interre his Corps which DEATH now ouercomes:

Where beeing arriu'd, the Ladders vp they reare

To take Him downe, with care, surmounting Care!

See how the Infant Church (whose feeble force,

Hath scarce the strength to lift vp Hand to Head)

Vnites her powers, to take downe his Corse,

That is alieue, and yet is perfect dead:

See with what fearefull care, the Nails they draw,

As if his Flesh yet felt, or them He saw.

What prouidence they vse, with Linnen large,

Crossing his dead Corps, that to Death was Crost,

That so they may the better wield that Charge,

And not, by poize, to let him fall before't:

See how the Body doubles in their Armes,

While Faith, their loue, with feruor, double warmes.

For,



## Or Christs Crosse.

For, Martyrs Deaths, giue life to Martyrs more,  
Till DEATH be tir'd, with reauing Them of Life;  
This God did die, as nere did Man before;  
For, Hee by yeelding meekely, conquer'd Strife:

His Patience in such Passions, and such Spightes,  
Doth Life-inspire the faith of Proselytes.

It is in vaine, therefore, with Sword, or Fire,  
To seeke to plant a Faith which cannot growe;  
For, Saints blood chokes It ere It can aspire;  
And like a Deluge, doth It ouerflow!

„ For, when the Church is bath'd in Her owne blood,  
„ Shee's cur'd of all Diseases, in that Flood!

Who will not runne into an Hell of Paine  
For His Hopes sake; when he sees some therein  
(For that same cause) to seeme in blisse to raigne;  
And by that Blisse, eternall Glorie winne?

„ It's sport to die, when Life, and Death conspire,  
„ Feare to exclude, and satiate the Desire!

**W**ell, now, those Women, that were fled him fro  
(When Tempests rag'd) are come, the Coast being cleare,  
To pay him their last Dutie, with no mo  
They shall not (as they doubt) Him see, nor heare:

Now eu'ry one is busied, busily,

To grace Him, Dead, that for their grace did die.

Now, downe they haue this dead Life-giuing Lord,

And now, their zeale, with diuine adoration,

Performes Loues complements in deed and word:

Now, He hath suffred, now, they suffer Passion:

They spice Him sweetly, with salt teares among,

And, of sad Sighes, they make their Obiit-Song.

O cruell hands (quoth one) that pierc'd these Hands;

But, farre more cruell heare, that gor'd this Heart;

Curst (quoth another) bee their feet, that stand

In Sinners Way, who did these Feet endart:

O (quoth a Third) Paine, still that Head surround,

That, with these cruell Thornes, this Head hath crown'd.

## *The Holy Roode,*

Infernall Furies, whip them, that haue torne  
This blessed Fleth, thus whipt, accursedly;  
And be their Fleth, with Wants, to nothing worne,  
That thus haue worne the Fleth of Deitie:

O worme of Conscience, gnaw their Soules to nought,  
That still did plague his Soule, and vexe his Thought.

Let neuer Sunne recheere them with his Raies,  
That Iustice Sonne haue thus in purple clowded;  
Let nere Mouth ope, but spit in their dispraise,  
That haue these Lips in Death's pale Lin'ry shrouded:

"Thus all like Honny-Bees sweet murmure make,  
"Against those Waspes, that spoil'd their honny Cake,

Now, draw they forth their Aromaticke Gumbes,  
His Fleth, most sweet, to make most oderous;  
See, see, how, now, His Traine (late scatt' red) comes,  
Trooping, with drooping Hearts, most dolorous,  
To helpe t'embalme Him, and condole His death;  
And to consort His Carcasse to the Earth,

See how, in Peace, they striue, in Loue, contend;  
To kisse, and re-kisse, his gore-crusted Face;  
And, with each kisse, Teares Floods their force extend  
Which shall anticipate the others pace:

Loe, how they hug Him, with lowd-shaking cries,  
Some, hugge his Armes, and others Legges, and Thies.

But, blest is He that hath his Head in hold,  
Hee holds his hold till crowdenforce him thence;  
Yet ere he parts, his kisses millifold,  
Bewray his loue, and louing diligence:

And, as the Babe is loath to leaue the Dugge  
Forepin'd with thirst, so, at his Lips they tugge,

Sweet *Iesus*, giue me leaue, in strong conceit,  
Among these holy Ones, to kisse thee once;  
I, as vnworthy, will their leisure waite,  
With vigilant attendance for the nonce:

Though they, in loue, are not my selfe aboue,  
"For, who hath most forgiuen, most doth loue,

*Or Christs Crosse*

If not thy Lips, (for, I confesse (deere Sweete)

I am vnworthy such preheminance!)

Yet giue me leaue to kille thy sacred Feet;

And wash them with my sad Teares confluence:

Let me, with *Marie*, who had much forgiu'n,

(Yet I much more) make Them my highest Heau'n.

For, I (aye me) I am that Lumpe of Sinne,

That made thy Soule so heauie to the death!

I, eu'ry day, afresh thy woes begin,

Breathing out Death, to thee, with my Lifes breath:

Farre worse than he that (blind) thy Heart did gore,

For, I doe see, and yet doe wound it more!

O *Christ*, with thy Rod, strike my Rockie Heart,

That it may flow for Thee, as Thine for me;

O let it bleed, in pittie of thy smart,

And leaue to thinke on ought that griueth Thee:

Bleed Heart, weepe Eies, that Blood and Water may

Wash Blood, and Water, which I spilt, away.

Sweet, Honni'd Sweet! looke, looke into my Heart,

See what Desires thy Loue doth pow'r therein,

Touching thy Loue; I know thou hast the Arte

To make the same, in Deed, thy Loue to winne:

Sith thy grace makes the Will, and Deed, intire,

O giue me grace to Doe, as I Desire.

And as it's written of the Elephant,

That he is fierce, to see Grapes blood diffus'd:

So let me (Wretch) become most valiant

Gainst Death, and Hell, to see thy Blood effus'd:

Who art the Grape, which pressed on the Crosse,

Yeelds wine of Life, and makes vs liue by losse.

When I behold thy still-fresh-bleeding Wounds,

I see the Deed, to worke with the Desire

Of my Redemption; which, my Soule confounds

With shame, though It the same doth life-inspire:

Whose good-Deeds, by Desire, are onely done,

Though good Deeds end, what good Desires begun.



*The Holy Rode,*

When, when, deere Lord, O when shall I, (fraile I!)

Resist to Blood, thy bloody foes resist?

When, for thy sake, shall I desire to die?

And in that deere Desire, in Deed, insist?

Till when, I hold my deer'st Desires to be

Vnworthy of thy Crosse, much lesse of Thee.

Can I behold thy Gore rough-casted Corse,

Thine, Head, Heart, Hands, Backe, Side, Feet, wounded all,

And all to free me from thy Fathers Curse;

And all I doe, is but therein to fall!

Ile trust Thy Secrecie; Hearke, in thine Eare,

*I am the worst redeem'd with Blood so deere!*

Then, good Desires can nere repay the Debt

Which thee I owe, by Deeds, seal'd with thy Blood;

My selfe, thy Due, I should too much forget,

To seeke to paie Thee with none other good:

For, I am Thine, Thou deerely paid'st for me,

Then both my Life and Death should honour Thee.

This World, this Hellish World, doth dimme mine Eies,

(My Iudgements Eies) that they but darkly see

The way to worke, by loue, as worke the wise,

(The godly wise) whose workes tend all to Thee:

Then helpe me, Loue, to worke for Thee alone;

Meane while let me thy Passion thinke vpon.

Now doth this louing sacred Synaxie

(With diuine Orizons, and deuout Teares)

Enfindon Him with choicest Draperie;

And to the Sepulcher his Body beares:

And as they beare him step, by step, they poure

Downe showres of Teares, which winds of Sighes procure.

But ah (alasse) his Mother, all this while;

Like *Niobe* (as Poets faine) still sits:

All as shee did her Senses reconcile

To senselesse Death, and were in Tranced fits:

Without of Spite, or Life, or Heart, or Soule,

Her violent woes, her Senses so controule!

Now,

Or Christ's Coffe: &c

Now, Loue, to his last Home hath Him conuaid,  
That had no Hole, in Life, to hide his Head;  
This Hole, in Death, shall doe what Life denai'd,  
Yet shall it not long hold Him beeing dead:

For, Heau'n's his Home, Earth's but the Babylon,  
Vpon whose Riuer's bankes, He still did moane,

Here Loue contends with Custome; Loue would keepe  
His Corps without, Custome, within the Graue:

But Tyrant Custome, swaying Loue doth weepe,  
That Her deere L O V E shee may no longer haue:

And, for a Fare-well, Volleys forth her Voice,  
In Groanes, and Sighes, and Lachrimable Noise.

**N**OW Hee's interr'd that all the World intombes,  
But in the Center of his Court diuine;

Yet least Point of that Center, now, enwombes

This Lord, whose greatnesse nothing can containe!

Gods Peace be with Him, sith Hee's God of Peace,  
Till by his pow'r He makes his Death de cease,

Vnheau'n your selues, ye holy Cherubins,

And giue attendance on your Lord, in Earth:

Couer his Corps with your Celestiall wings,

From all that naturally annoyes beneath:

Descend sweet Angels (Legioniz'd in Rankes)

And make your Heau'n on his Sepulchers Bankes.

There warble forth your Hymnes of highest praise,

In highest honour, of your highest Lord:

And Lullabie asleep his Watchers Eies,

With secret Soule-enchanting sweet concords:

Whiles with Eie-blinding Beames of Glory dight,

He faire amounts, to frolicke his Saints fight!

But tell me, O thou fairest Faire of Men,

Where do'st thou lodge? at Noone-day, where do'st sleepe?

O tell my Soule, and Shee will find Thee then,

And, as her Soule, Thee found, will safely keep:

For, Thou more cleere than Springs of *Esebon*

Hast made Her, with thy more cleere, Blood alone!

Thy

## The Holy Rood,

Thy Wintry- \* Woes are past, Spights storms are ceas'd;

Now flowres of Comfort, burgen eu'ry where:

Then rise my Loue (thou canst not be diseas'd)

Out of the \* Rockes Holes rise, to mee appeare:

And, in the Holes of Thee, her refuge Rocke,

My Soule from deadly Sinne, and Shame vp-locke.

Out of this Rocke (as out of Paradise)

Runne (through the Mosse of my most feeble Flesh)

Vnto my Soule (all soil'd with Sinne, and Vice)

Gihons of golden streames, her to refresh:

So, may it runne, O still so may it runne,

Till it hath made her, blacke, as bright as sunne.

O Gates of Heau'n! orientall, glorious Gates!

O Wounds! no Wounds, but Hau'ns of Heau'n secure!

Neasts of cleane Doues, and Forts from fellest Fates!

Blessed Balme-Boxes, that all sores recure!

O let me liuing die, and dying liue,

In these most holy Wounds that Life doe giue!

O let these Wounds, these Woundes indeprauate,

Be holy Sanctuaries for my whole Man;

That though finnes sores It oft coninquate,

Yet, there, It may be made as white as Swanne!

O holy Wounds! Wounds holier than all Holies,

Still let your Bloods, be Floods, t'ingulph my Folies.

When Woes doe wound me, wind me in thy Wounds

Sweet *Iesus*, that for me, with Woe, wast wounded;

When Foes, by Wounds, my Bodies life confound,

Then let my Soule in thy Wounds be surrounded:

There, let Her rest securely, till thee may

By thy high Grace, resume, in Blisse, her Clay.

When carnall Lust, my Flesh, (fraile Flesh) inflames,

Then quench the same in thy Wounds, bleeding still:

When Furie, with strong hand, my Mind vnframes,

Then in thy Wounds reforme It to thy Will:

In few, by this most bloody Immolation,

Let my by-parted selfe haue whole Saluation.

And,



Or Christ's Crosse.

And thou, O iust commander of this All  
To please whose Iustice, Iustice Death endur'd;  
Thou, that I hat death mad'st most pathetically,  
Inspire me with Loue, Hope, and Faith assur'd:

That while I breath this ayre, my voice may be  
No light vaine Ayre, but voyce aduancing Thee.

And deeply die each object of my Sense,  
In tincture of thy Sonnes all sauing Blood:  
By which Aspect my Mindes reminiscence  
May ruminate the vertue of that good  
That is our *Suum, um bonum* and the rate  
Of Sinne, Gods wrath, and iust, though heauy, hate.

O holy God! then looke, O looke on me  
Through the through-wounded Sides of thy deere Sonne;  
O let my Scarlet Sinnes, pure purple be  
In his deere Blood, my Sinnes Purgation:

*For eu'n as through redde Glasse, Things red do seeme,  
So, through that Blood, my Workes thou good wilt deeme!*

The kingdome of the Flesh is swaid by Sinne;  
In *Christ*, that kingdome, thou hast crucifi'd:  
Then, let me dwell that faultlesse Flesh within;  
Sith Sinne subdues all humane Flesh beside:

Then, there, O there! let me both liue, and die,  
Sith Life, by Death, there liues immortally!

The Diuell, and the World (two Worlds of Strife,  
With whom my Flesh conspires) my Soule assaile:  
Who, to destroy her selfe gives them a knife;  
And so with them conspires, her selfe to spoile:

Then, if thou flesh her not with *Christ*, shee dies;  
For, shee, in my Flesh, liues none otherwile.

But, shall I make long Furrowes on his Backe?  
Or sit make Him but soape my Sinnes to scowre?  
Shall He supply the Pow'r my soule doth lacke?  
Yet shall shee still be idle with his pow're?

O no (Lord) no, that's not the way to winne,  
But, th'onely way to liue, and die in sinne.

K

Then

## *The Holy Rood,*

Then helpe me; Lord, to help his helping might;  
And, giue me of thy goods, to grace his Grace:  
Let not my sloth but clogge your actiue Sp'rit;  
Although it doe the Same, in Loue, embrace:  
„ For, sith in Action, Vertue doth consist,  
Helpe me to worke together, with my *Christ*.

Had I all Faith, and Mountaines could remoue,  
And though I gaue my Body to the Fire;  
All this were nothing, if I had not Loue;  
Then, liuely Faith, meere Loue doth Life-inspire:  
Sith then, without Loue, Faith doth nought but die,  
“ Giue me that Faith that liues by Charitie.

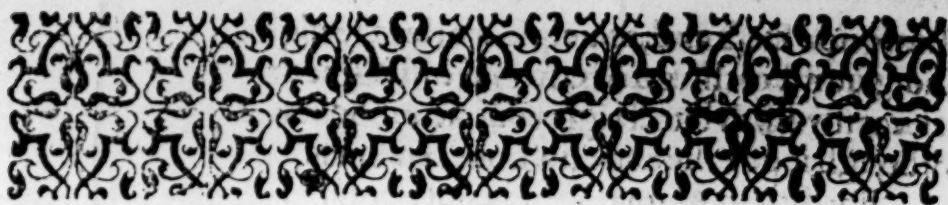
Had I, of Men, or Cherubins the Tongues,  
Knew I all Secrets, or all Prophecie;  
Fed I the poore, with all to me belongs,  
All these, without Loue, do but, liuing, die:  
And, sith on Loue depends the Royall Law,  
O let my faith (Lord) worke in Loue, and awe.

*Christ* is a Rocke of Refuge but to those  
That fight thy Battailes; then needs must I fight  
Against both Thy, and My still-fighting Foes,  
And, euer flie to Him, in want of might:  
Let me rest on this Rocke; but yet, so rest,  
As, by my sloath, He may not be oppress.

33- I long (sweet God) to see thy vnscene Face;  
Then put me in this Rocks most holy Rifts;  
That I, with *Moses*, there may see thy Grace,  
Sith It cannot be scene, but through these Clifts:  
But, if I be vnmeet thy Face to ken,  
“ Shew me thy back-parts, kind Lord! say, *Amen*.

*God forbid that I should glorie, sauing in the Crosse of our Lord Iesus  
Christ: by whom the World is crucified to me, and I to the World.*

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford;



# SONETS.

I.

**T**He ofter sinne, the more grieve, shewes a Saint;  
The ofter sinne, the lesse grieve, notes a Fiend :  
But oft with grieve to sinne, the soule doth taint;  
And oft to sinne with ioy, the soule doth rend.  
To sinne on Hope, is sinne most full of Feare;  
To sinne of malice, is the Diuels sinne:  
One is, that *Christ* may greater burden beare;  
The other, that his Death might still beginne.  
To sinne of Frailtie, is a sinne but weake;  
To sinne in strength, the stronger makes the blame:  
The first, the Reed *Christ* bare, hath powre to breake;  
The last, his thornie-Crowne can scarce vnframe:  
But, finally, to sinne maliciously,  
Reed, Crowne, nor Crosse, hath pow'r to crucifie!

2.

**A**Lthough we doe not all the Good we loue,  
But still, in lone, desire to doe the same;  
Nor leaue the finnes we hate, but hating moue  
Our Soule and Bodies Powres, their Powres to tame;  
The Good we doe, God takes as done aright;  
That we desire to doe, He takes as done:  
The sinne we shunne, He will with Grace requite;  
And nor impute the sinne we lecke to shunne,

K 2

But,



## Sonets.

But, good Desires produce no worser Deeds;  
 For, Goddoth both together (lightly) giue:  
 Because he knewes a righteous Man must needs  
 "By Faith, that workes by Loue, for euer liue:  
 Then, to doe nought, but onely in Desire,  
 Is Loue that burnes, but burnes like painted Fire.

3.

**A** Righteous man still feareth all his Deeds,  
 Lest done for feare, or in hypocrisie:  
 Hypocrisie (as with the Corne doe Weeds)  
 Still growes vp with Faith, Hope, and Charitie.  
 But it bewraies they are no Hypocrites,  
 That most of all Hypocrisie doe feare:  
 For, who are worst of all in their owne sights,  
 In Gods deere sight doe best of all appeare.  
 To feare that we nor loue, nor feare aright,  
 Is no lesse perfect feare, than rightest loue:  
 And to suspect our steps in greatest light,  
 Doth argue God our Hearts and steps doth moue:  
 But right to run, and feare no whit at all,  
 Presageth we are neere a fearefull fall.

4.

**C**ome, follow me, as I doe follow Christ,  
 As the perswasiu'lt speech the Priest can vse;  
 This Coniuration Fiends can scarce resist;  
 For, shame will quite confound them that refuse.

When Pastors shew what should be done in Deed,  
 Their flocke will follow them, though nought they say;  
 Sith they the hungry soules and bodies feed;  
 And teach the rightest Truth, the readiest way.

Thus, worthy Priests get Reuerence, Loue, and Feare,  
 While wordy Ones scorne, hate, and shame doe finde:

For,

For, Winds of Spight their highest sailes doe teare,  
Who make themselves nought else but subtile Winde:  
For, though a Foote-ball mounts oft by the same,  
Yet is It spurn'd and made the Peoples game.

5.

IT's not so blessed to receive as giue:  
Yet Men abounding in all Blessings take  
Reliefe from All, yet they will Some relieue,  
Sith they see Riches here, Men blessed make.

Then, this Worlds blest in Shew, but curst in Deed:  
*Christs* B O D Y in the Earth growes lesse and lesse:  
Whose Members, that should one another feed,  
Let one another pine through wretchednesse.

Yet, seed is not the soyles wherein Its sow'n,  
But his that sow'd It: so, the Almes we sowe  
Is not so much the Beggars, as our owne;  
Sith It in Them for our Soules gaine doth grow:  
Then, of all Soyles that yeeld most Interest,  
"The Belly of the Beggar is the best.

6.

P Raier, if it be compleat, is of pow'r  
To ouer-rule almightie Pow'r and Grace:  
For, It can their Omnipotence procure  
To doe what not? (if good) in any Case.

But as *Queene Hester* came before her King,  
Two Maids attending, to support her port,  
Leaning on one, the other carying  
Her Princely Traine, in most maiesticke sort.

So, Praier must attended be with Two,  
Fasting, and Almesdeeds, comming to her King

Then, what Shee will haue done, that will He doe;  
Though Shee His Kingdome craue, or any Thing :  
But when Shee comes not thus, the Act of Sinne  
Is readier than Temptation to begin !

7.

**I**N th' Act of sinne the guilt of Conscience  
Doth spoile our sport, fith our Soules (fainting) bleed :  
For, that Worme feeds vpon our inward sense,  
More than sinnes Manna outward sense doth feed,

But he on whom Gods glorious face doth shine,  
The more his Griefes, the more his Ioyes abound :  
For, who are drunke with diuine Pleasures Wine,  
Can feele no Torments which the senses wound.

Then 'tis a Torment nere to be tormented  
In Vertues cause; nor, for Sinnes fowle default:  
And, no worse Tempting, than nere to be tempted ;  
For, we must peace attaine by Sinnes assault :  
Then blessed is the Crosse that brings the Crowne,  
And glorious is the Shame that gaines Renowne.

8.

**V**ertue consists in Action; which consists  
In doing That which Vertue doth command ;  
But this iniurious World the same resists,  
Whose Actions are perform'd by Vices Band.

Then, hardly can the Willing, weake in Act,  
Shew forth the vertue of their active Will;  
But that the World their vertue will coact  
To act the Part of Vice with greater skill.

Then, let the Willing-weake the World forgoe,  
And act the parts of Vertue, where, alone,



God, and his Angels, may their Actions know;  
 So shall they be beloued, prais'd, and knowne:  
 "For, cleere is muddy water standing still,  
 "But beeing stirr'd, it looke like Puddle will.

And, hide me in the wildest Waste or Wood,  
 Yet Fame will find me out if I be good.

FINIS.

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